Week ending January 16 1954 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

A magnificent new novel begins this week

THE GOLDEN FOOL

by DAVID DIVINE

Who said Brahms wrote Boogie?

Anne did—and she brought a record along to prove it . . . but we're still arguing. Then Judy tried to crack a cup by singing high notes! No luck, of course—and just as well: Mother was just pouring out marvellous chocolate. "Mm . . . rich and sweet, just like Bing Crosby's records," said Anthea. So we had both . . . wonderful end to the evening.

Drinking Chocolate that's really chocolatey: that's Cadbury's. It's perfectly simple to make. Just add three teaspoonfuls to each cup of hot milk; stir; it's ready!
1/5 a half pound tin

CADBURY'S DRINKING CHOCOLATE

The warm-hearted drink

EDITORIAL

Short weight

OUR one and three-quarter million secondary schoolchildren are getting short weight. They are not receiving proper instruction in mathematics and science. The reason is an acute shortage of teachers.

There is only one science and maths teacher to 864 pupils in all types of schools, excluding grammar schools; even in these, 125 pupils share one teacher.

The men and women who were the schoolchildren of yesterday are putting Britain ahead in many branches of technology, from jet planes to industrial atomic energy. But what of the next generation?

MR. ROBERT BIRLEY, headmaster of Eton, warns: "This shortage is so serious that it is futile to talk of the development of the scientific strength of this country until it is remedied."

MR. ROBERT BIRLEY
"This is serious"

Between 1955 and 1960, when the large number of postwar babies will be growing up, our schools will need as many as 1,020 trained maths and science teachers every year. They will not be available.

Only seventeen out of 482 honours science graduates from Oxford University became schoolmasters in the 1951-52 session. All who did went into public schools. None went to secondary schools.

Four out of five graduates from all universities went into industry or stayed in the universities.

BETTER pay is one reason, higher prestige is another. And even if he accepts the relatively low salary of £750 a year, a science graduate knows that, as things are, he will stand little chance of getting to the top of the schoolteaching tree: few science masters become Heads.

The National Advisory Council on the Training and Supply of Teachers has put forward some urgent recommendations to the Minister of Education. Its main suggestions are to increase the number of students, make teaching more attractive, and decrease the flow to industry. Part-time teachers should also receive more encouragement.

TODAY, the only new science teachers are those with a sense of duty to the nation, and without a desire for reasonable gain for themselves.

They are admirable people. But we cannot rely on their altruism for ever. For the future of Britain's science and technology we must offer better pay and prospects to those who train tomorrow's leaders in these fields.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

A GIRL'S first grown-up dance should be a fairy tale come true. Artist Malcolm Haylett is well qualified to give her the dress for the occasion, for before the war he graduated from the art school in Southend, Essex, and became a fashion artist in London commercial studios. In 1947 he married an artist and bought a two hundred year old cottage above St. Ives harbour in Cornwall. Since then he has painted several covers for JOHN BULL.

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FREE SPEECH

Playtime can be an adventure

FOR years we were disturbed by the noise of children playing behind our block of flats. They had a good time there, but they were technically trespassing, and did become rather a nuisance when they built space ships and aeroplanes from old boxes.

Recently a cousin took me to see an Adventure Playground in Kensington which is run by a parents' committee on a site provided by the council. There were spades for digging and timber to build with. An attendant kept an eye on the children without bossing them. This seemed to me to be just what we needed at home. I knew that our local council was considering the playground question, so I began to lobby members. It looked as if my campaign might succeed. Then one old councillor declared that an Adventure Playground would encourage hooliganism, so the council put up a few swings instead. They did not hold interest for long, and now the children are back below my windows, happily banging away.—MISS M. L., Yorkshire.

Funeral Pyre

REX GRIZELL'S article about foot-and-mouth disease reminded me of an occasion thirty years ago when there was an outbreak in the Ribble Valley, in Lancashire, within three miles of our farm. My father was naturally anxious. He decided to keep our cattle inside and turn them out twice a day in the farmyard for exercise and a drink at the trough. We turned the first six or eight out, and they went quite willingly. But when they got to the yard they stopped dead, pointed their noses in the air and then turned tail and ran back to their stalls. We learned later that slaughtered cattle were being burned on the nearby river bank at the time.—H. R., Preston.

No Tail Light

I HAVE a friend who is away from home all day and can only exercise her dog after dark. She has attached red glass reflectors to his harness and coated both harness and lead with

luminous paint. The dog can thus be seen more easily at night, and car drivers give him a wide berth.—MRS. FLORENCE M. BISHOP, Eastbury Road, Thornbury, Bristol.

Dutch Auction

AT Alsmeer flower market in Holland I saw an all-electric auction sale which was conducted in silence. On the wall facing the gallery where the buyers sat there was a large dial with an indicator. A barrow of flowers was wheeled in front of the buyers, and an auctioneer's assistant held up a bunch of them and commented on their quality. Then the auctioneer allowed the indicator to turn slowly from 100 towards zero on the dial. When it reached the price which a buyer wished to pay, he pressed a button on his desk. In the centre of the dial were numbers corresponding to those on the buyers' seats. When a man pressed his button, his seat number was illuminated, and the lot was his. The goods passed through the market at great speed.—R. CAMERON BROOKES, Strawberry Lane, Carshalton, Surrey.

Family Allowance

WE have two children, a boy and a girl. One day last week my husband received his income tax "Notice of Coding." The code number was much lower than it is usually. He studied the paper, and then said: "I see what they have done. They have made allowance for only one child." At once our little girl burst into tears. "Oh, Mummy," she said, "which of us will they allow you to keep?"—MRS. B. POGSON, Wilton Grove, Heywood, Lancashire.

COME LIVE WITH ME

She had a promising career; I had nothing but a one-room flat. She was beautiful; I was just a tich of five feet five. She was going to need an awful lot of wooing . . .

Jon Cleary's sparkling new story appears

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

The Witness

WE went away for a fortnight's holiday when our dog—a very intelligent rough-haired terrier—was little more than a puppy, and we left him in the care of a policeman living in a small country village. Soon after we got back I took the dog for a stroll in the district where he had stayed. There were several pubs in the area. Every time we approached one of them, the dog made a bee-line for the entrance. Knowing something of the habits of the very amiable and good-natured policeman, I was not altogether surprised.—W. L. OLIVANT, Westover Road, Sheffield.

Old At Sixty

THE retiring age in my husband's firm is sixty, and the approach of his sixtieth birthday is having a tremendous psychological effect on him. He appears to be ageing rapidly, and tells himself that his useful life is over and that he is an old man. In fact, he is very fit. I know that several of his business friends have died suddenly soon after retiring. Is the longevity of women explained by the fact that they never retire?—MRS. C. B., Kent.

"Women do not have a sudden break in their interests, and this is of great benefit to their health," says a doctor. "Many men suffer mentally and physically when they lose the interests which have been giving them a purpose in life; the job which was getting them down was actually the prop which was holding them up. If a man must leave his firm, the remedy is another job or active voluntary work. A man of sixty has often ten or fifteen years of working life before him."

Black Mark

WHILE strolling along a deserted railway platform the other day, I noticed a small boy with a pencil in his hand standing on a seat marking a film poster. I expected to find him drawing a moustache on an actress's face, but when I drew near I found that I had misjudged him. He was striking out the superfluous "u" in the misspelt adjective "glamourous." I watched with approval as he put "6/10" in the bottom right-hand corner.—C. T. R., Birkenhead, Cheshire.

Floral Tints

WHILE shopping recently in a busy market in the London suburbs, my mother stopped at a stall for some flowers. The stall holder held in her hand several bunches of what appeared to be pink chrysanthemums. My mother bought them, and found when she examined them closely that they were white chrysanthemums which had been dyed.—J. M. PENDLETON, London, S.E.3.

Flower dyeing is not unusual, says a Covent Garden market agent. The practice was once very common, but it passed out of favour. Now it is coming back, especially in the north. White chrysanthemums are a favourite flower for dyeing. White lilac is also occasionally treated.

Oh, Master Porter

IN Hungary there are two children's railways. The first, which was opened in 1948 and runs through the hills near Budapest, now covers twelve miles and has eight stations. A second railway, three miles long, was opened last year at Nyiregyhaza in eastern Hungary. Both are run by children aged from ten to fourteen, with adult engine drivers and one adult at each station. Service on these railways is a reward for good work at school. The children are given a part-time training course which lasts eight weeks. Then, after an examination and a

The guard gives his signal

fortnight's test service, they join the permanent staff. They work an eight-hour day once a fortnight. The trains are modern diesel-electrics, and carry adults and children, mainly trippers.—MRS. H. C., London, N.W.4.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed, and at usual rates for readers' photographs. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

What's more, we Mothers know the family needs nourishing, energy-giving breakfasts to start the day well—that's why Scott's is so popular with us.*

**Did you know that an ounce of Oat Flakes has more calories than an ounce of any other cereal?*

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. . . that's what we say at our house—

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Yes, " Scott's-for-breakfast " families all agree there's no porridge so tempting as creamy Scott's. A *hot* breakfast gives the family a really good start to the day—and for a *nourishing* hot breakfast, there's nothing like Scott's. It's so quickly prepared, too, and so easy on the purse.

Scott's

for a good *hot* breakfast

"Cough?"

"No, I'm terribly well," says TERRY-THOMAS

FOR A LIVING, Terry-Thomas talks, sings — and smokes. To stay " Top of the Town " he must keep that voice and throat in top condition.

How does he do this? With MAC Throat Sweets. He takes them at the first ticklish signs. Or merely to be on the safe side; for they are very pleasant to the taste.

If you suffer from a sore throat, cough or catarrh, get a packet of these potent, palatable sweets. Get MAC Throat Sweets. They are so safe that children, too, can take them freely.

The medical reasons why MACs work

MACs kill dangerous, infectious germs because they contain Amyl-Meta-Cresol, a powerful germicide many times as strong as pure Phenol (R.W. Co-efficient 250).

MACs lubricate the throat and freshen the mouth because they contain camphor, pure sugar and tincture of Tolu.

MACs help to reduce swelling and irritation of the passages where catarrh lurks, because they contain Menthol : you inhale it as the sweet dissolves.

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[NCT 78]

HAVE YOU A PROBLEM CHILD?

DON'T FUSS MOTHER—I'M TOO TIRED TO EAT AFTER THE OFFICE—I'M ALWAYS TIRED THESE DAYS
BUT YOU NEVER EAT PROPERLY DEAR—YOU'LL GET REALLY ILL IF YOU GO ON LIKE THIS!
I CAN'T THINK WHAT TO BUY TO TEMPT ELSIE—SHE DOESN'T EAT PROPERLY, IT'S MAKING HER TIRED AND NERVY
OUR DOCTOR PUT ME ON TO BURGUNDY WITH MEALS WHEN I WAS RUN DOWN—WHY NOT TRY IT?
LOTS OF MY CUSTOMERS SWEAR BY KEYSTONE BURGUNDY. IT'S NOT EXPENSIVE, AND THERE'S NOTHING BETTER FOR GIVING AN APPETITE AND DOING YOU ALL-ROUND GOOD
YES, ANOTHER HELPING PLEASE—YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT KEYSTONE
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creates appetite,
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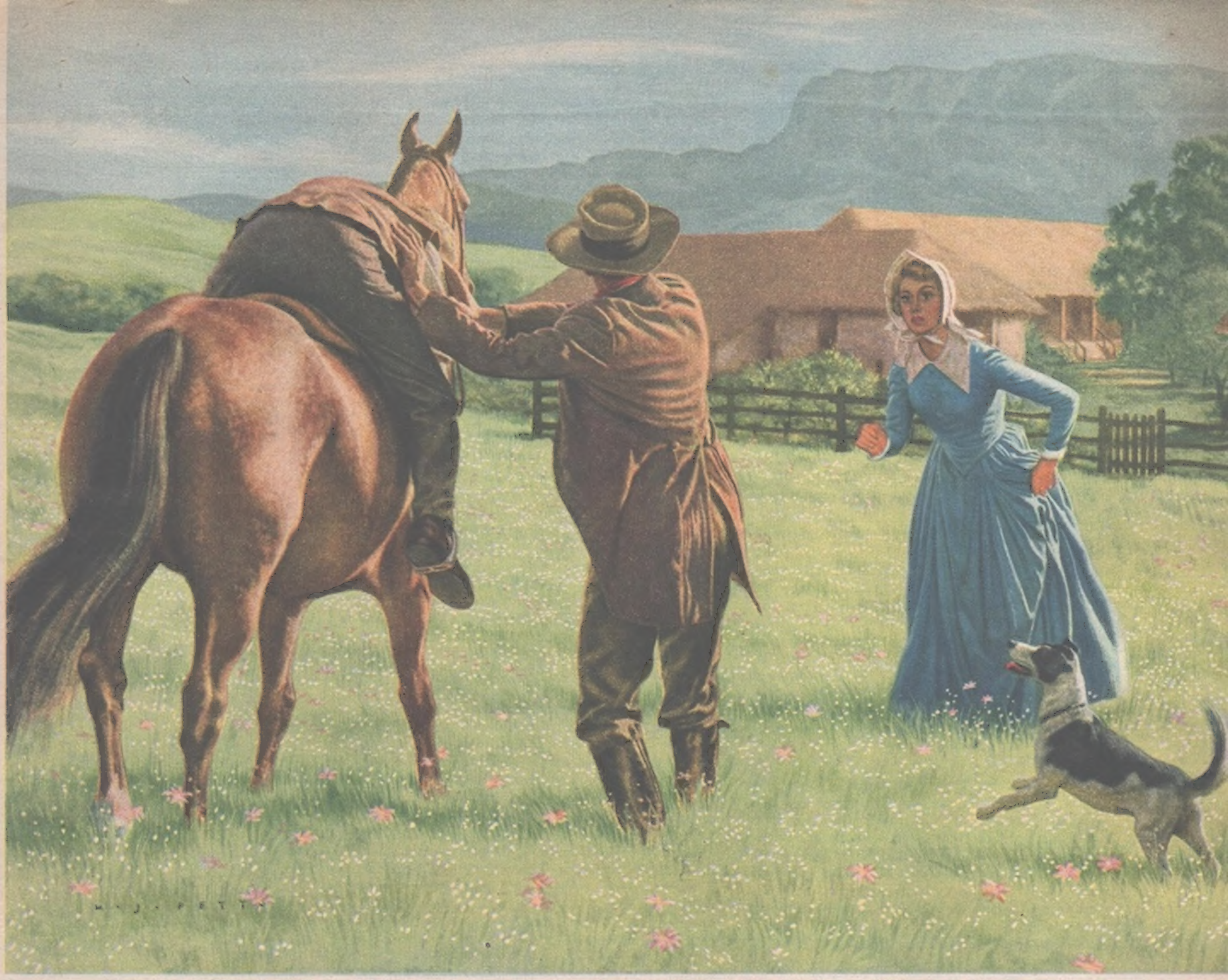


Lisette came running up. "What is it, Father? What has happened?" she asked. Lemaire jerked his head. "I found him back there. He is dying"

Beginning a magnificent new novel — the epic adventure of

THE GOLDEN FOOL

by DAVID DIVINE

LEMAIRE TOOK HIS GUN from the saddle bucket and, lodging it carelessly under his arm, slipped the bit and dropped the reins to the ground. The mare began to graze quietly and at once. From where he stood, the view out across the High Veld was opening now. There was no ridge beyond them, nothing but a green edge as soft, as undefined, as the summit had been; and beyond that, very far, an endless succession of distances that lost themselves at last in the insubstantial azure of the sky. They were very lonely, the man and the horse, in the width and challenge of these illimitable spaces.

He walked away from the horse, moving with a smooth suppleness that appeared to disregard the greyness of his hair and the deep-carved lines of his face. There was no path, no track, and suddenly, with a brusque, imperious lack of warning, there was no ground under his feet. For a moment or two he turned towards the east until he came to a notch in the summit of the cliff and found there the rock that he used sometimes as a seat. Sitting, he felt in his pockets for his tobacco pouch and his pipe and packed it. His hands moved for a moment with flint and tinder. When it was done, he leaned back against the rock and looked out over the quiet peace of his dominion.

There was no movement in it. The cattle now were grazing near the homestead, the sheep were on the slopes to the westward. The slow fall of the grassland beside the river was empty; no game moved. From this place above the cliff there was nothing of the homestead, nothing of the plough land to be seen. There was only the veld, virgin as the day on which he had come almost fifteen years before. Even the track that led to the eastward of the settlement along the Apies River was hidden by the subtle folding of the ground. This world still had for him the strange enchantment of virginity.

Yet this morning there was about it an uneasiness. His eyes moved slowly and with his inevitable careful exactitude over the ravine—the *kloof*—that cut back into the ridge of the

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

hills, over the parkland to the pasture, over the river bed to the horizons, looking for something that was not there and finding nothing. And then he remembered. Always before when he had come into the little notch on the skyline he had heard the barking of the sentinel of the troop of baboons that lived in the *kloof*. Never before had its sentinel missed his coming. He wondered why.

His eyes travelled over the farther distances again, not searching now but only moving across them with a remembered affection. Always this place had brought him peace and quiet, even in the years of the troubles—the horse sickness that years ago had taken his riding horses, the recurrent plagues and diseases of the cattle, locusts that had eaten his corn, stray native maraudings that had stolen his beasts, drought and flood and fire. Always it seemed to him that the very openness and splendour of the land was in itself an answer to these threats.

The silence of the baboons worried him. Perhaps there were leopards in the *kloof* that had driven them up towards the higher levels. He would have to bring the boys and hunt through the scrub and the trees and see what they could find. Or perhaps the lions had come back: there were plenty of them along the ridges still, though the farm had seen none for three full seasons. He began to plan a day—Thursday perhaps, or Friday—when they could bring the dogs up and go through the *kloof*. It was not that he had feeling for the baboon troop—they could look after themselves—but leopards would be a danger to the lambs, and lions a greater danger still, a danger to the cattle perhaps.

His eyes went downward again. There was in the middle of the *kloof* a great *karee* tree like a promontory at the head of a little peninsula of lesser trees in an open glade. From the grass of it he saw suddenly five small patches of white sweep up and, as he watched, they came swirling towards him, growing, expanding, until abruptly, brusquely almost, they took shape and beauty—cattle egrets climbing steeply in the ascending air.

There was a draught that ran up the cliff at this point with the morning sun, and they were using it. He could see the curve and angle of their wings now as they exploited the upward-soaring wind.

They were very white in the sunlight against the green and the brown of the bottom. They became whiter as they approached him, and suddenly they were between him and the sun and there was a moment of blinding beauty, with the sunlight filtering through the flight feathers of their wings in a blue translucence, while their backs and heads and the feathers of the forward edges of their wings were an incandescence against the blue of the sky. Then they were gone. There was, he thought, a pathos in their flight; so much of beauty and so much of helplessness. It was as if they had been tossed up in the sport of the wind, swirled up and ejected from the peace of the valley.

Had something frightened them?

Certainly he would bring the boys here. For a little his thoughts lingered on his sons: Andries, who was twenty-one now and a man, and Jonathan, who was seventeen and believed himself to be a man. Then he thought of Lisette, his daughter, who was the remembrance also of his dead wife, and who, in her grave grace and her openness, had for him something of the spirit of this open land.

And now he stopped thinking, almost consciously stopped it, and lay back against the warmth of the rock, smoking in complete contentment, immensely and soberly at peace with the world.

In the silence, the absolute silence of the young morning, he heard a sudden crescendo rustle that grew almost to a whistling note and he saw go past, thirty yards to the eastward of him, a black shape plunging down with immense outstretched wings and the wind rustling in the stiff primaries—a vulture dropping down from the sky at the end of a long dive. He watched it as it diminished with the depth, soared up a little at the end of its flight, swung round and then came to rest on the ground close to the morning shadow of the *karee* tree.

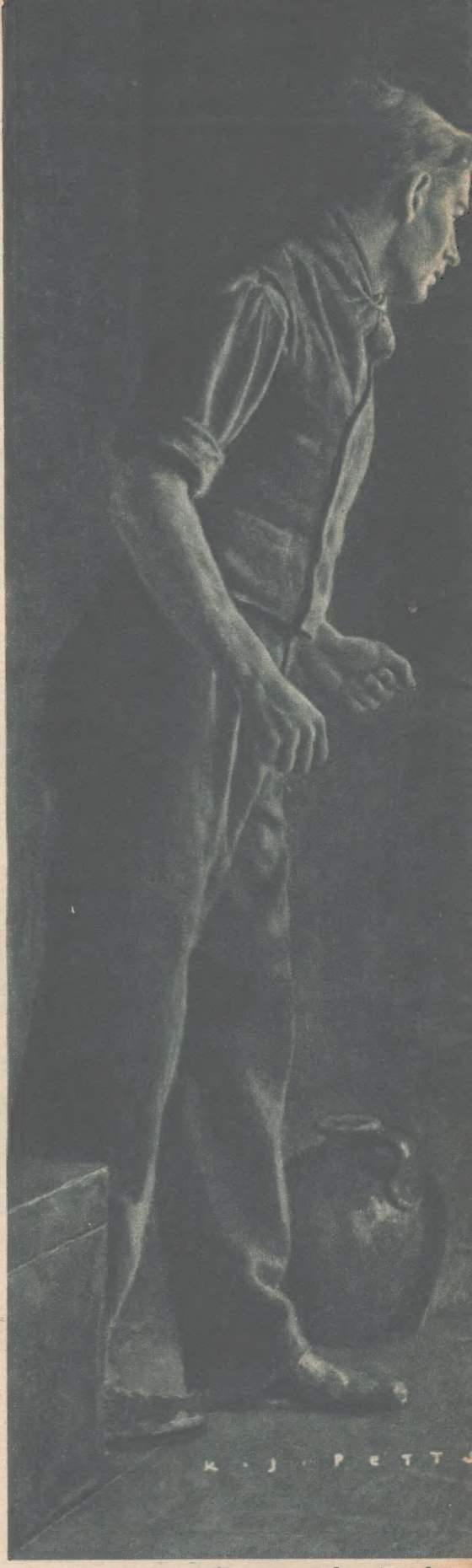
With a hunter's eyes, he followed its movement as it stretched its wings to restore its wind-ruffled feathers, as it moved forward awkwardly, stood again, and then merged itself into the background. Looking at it, staring at it with his eyes focused with exquisite precision to the distance, he saw that there was already another vulture there, and beside it, a little away from it, another.

With his interest now fully awakened, he studied the shadow of the *karee* tree, but he could see nothing there. The three birds, he saw, were facing inwards towards that shadow, towards the little grove of smaller trees that came out to meet the bigger one. They were watching something within that grove, but from where he sat the trees themselves obscured it. Leopard or lion had killed in the night, then, and the great, malignant birds were waiting.

He felt for his gun and, moving with caution away from the edge, went up the notch and out on to the grassy uplands again towards the mare.

To reach the ..*loof* he had to make a long detour, the mare at times sliding on her haunches down the screes and the steeper slopes. He had made his plan of approach before he left the notch against the skyline. The wind-drift was across the valley bottom, and he had to move across the cliff base itself, hoping that there was sufficient cover between him and the birds to avoid frightening them. There was noise in the valley bottom: the shrilling of cicadas, and somewhere a woodpecker tapping, and smaller birds scuffing in the dry leaves, and the sound of water over stones. Twice he heard the clatter of feathers as one of the vultures stretched itself. All the time he listened for a noise above these lesser noises—the coughing grunt of a leopard or the grumbling of a lion—but there was no greater noise.

Moving easily with the skill of years of hunting, he came along the cliff foot and found his passage to the smaller trees, and from there he worked his way down towards the greater. He could see one of the vultures now, sitting on a low branch of a thorn tree that projected from its tree, withered and dead. It was hunched and intent, staring in front of it, motionless like the carving of a bird, like the stone gargoyle of a cathedral. Whatever it was looking at, he was sure, was just under the screen of the trees this side of the big one, and he moved cautiously, watching the place where his foot must fall, watching for the fallen branch or the dry twig.



Lemaire said grimly, "Throw everything into the

Suddenly, he heard a man's voice. It was quite clear in the silence. It was quite incoherent. He could make out syllables only, but he had, from the first moment of hearing, the absolute certainty that it was a man. No baboon, no ape could make a sound like that—querulous and heavy with complaint—and it was not native, not Hottentot, not Bushman.

He went on a little more swiftly now, but with his caution undiminished, his gun still ready, until he passed between two trees and could

THE AUTHOR OF THE GOLDEN FOOL

David Divine . . . South African born and bred

DAVID DIVINE, born in Cape Town in 1904, first heard the legend of *The Golden Fool* as a boy. His school holidays were spent on a farm in the veld, travelling everywhere by ox-wagon; and there he was told of the first gold discovered in South Africa, which was kept secret by the Boers.

One of the most widely travelled journalists in the world, David Divine has covered more than half a million miles for various papers, as naval, war and foreign correspondent. He was one of the first two journalists to enter Hiroshima after the A-bomb fell, and he was official correspondent with the Royal Tour of South Africa in February, 1947.

He is married, with two daughters, and lives in a Georgian cottage in Hampstead, London. *The Golden Fool* is one of a projected series of South African novels. His next will tell the story of Languedoc Farm, original home of the Lemaires at the Cape, 165 years ago.

hole and put earth and sand over it. Nothing must show." Andries, on the step, turned sharply. "What is it?" he demanded. "What must we hide?"

see into the trampled and dusty space beyond. There were the ashes of a fire and a crude fireplace, and pack-saddles, and a low screen of sail-cloth, and under it the body of a man.

Lemaire knew that he was dead as soon as he looked at him, because, in the twisted shape and the open, stiff mouth with its tight-drawn lips, there was all the certainty of death. Beyond the dead man, not so easily seen because part of him was behind the sail-cloth and part was hidden by the low bush, another man lay, and it was from this other man that the voice came.

Lemaire strode forward. There were no beasts here, and as he pushed through the last restraining branches, the three vultures rose together with an angry clattering of wings. For an instant there was turmoil as they struck against branches and against leaves; the peace of the glade was filled with a furious wind, and then they were gone.

Lemaire went up to the second man. With his gun still held at the ready, he stood looking down at him, quite motionless, his face utterly without expression; there was neither surprise nor compassion in his eyes. The man was *in extremis,* almost as close to the ugly stiffness of death as that other beyond the canvas.

THE man began to talk again, an incoherent rambling, and now Lemaire could hear whole words distinctly. He was speaking English. He looked English. His long hair was fair and he had the brightness of sunburn in his skin, red burn. His clothes were the ordinary clothes of the pioneer of the frontier: a leather waistcoat, a rough check shirt, without collar or tie, and moleskins. He wore the *veldschoen* that all the Boers wore, but there was about the face a different cut, about his skin a different texture.

Again the low voice muttered in the stillness. Lemaire, with his memories of England, tried to place it. It was a voice of education, perhaps even of culture. For a moment he caught a whole sentence of intelligible words.

The voice said quite distinctly: "When we get back to the bay we'll swim in the sea," and lapsed at once into incoherence again.

Completely impassive, Lemaire stood watching. It was clear from the man's colour, from his eyes with their burning redness, that he had a fever, a consuming fever that was killing him.

As if to confirm Lemaire's appreciation, the voice said clearly again: "Oh God, I'm so hot!" And again there came the slurring of the

The Englishman raised his head, his eyes alive and eager. "I think I must tell you now, before it is too late, what we have found," he said. Lemaire listened patiently. "We have found gold"

syllables, the elision, the mumblings of delirium.

Lemaire's eyes flickered round the encampment. There were spades and a pick in evidence, and a mortar a little beyond the fire half-filled with broken stone. The dead man had been elderly, a man perhaps of sixty. His uncut hair was white and his beard grey and yellow at the corners with tobacco stain. His teeth were broken and blackened. Lemaire was sure that he had seen him before somewhere, in Potchefstroom perhaps. He seemed to have a vague memory that he was a trader—a *smous*.

The young man he had not seen before. He was very young, almost a boy, not more than two and twenty: tall, with good shoulders and narrow hips. His beard was soft and fair. He might have been handsome if the red light of madness were out of his eyes. Lemaire could not be sure.

He listened carefully again and, as he listened, he heard the stranger say: "There must be more of it, much more—tons of it. We've struck it at last, John! We've struck it at last—gold!"

Lemaire walked a pace away from him, set his gun against the crook of a tree branch and, turning, knelt on one knee beside him. His movements were lithe and feral, informed with a sudden urgency.

He put one arm under the boy's shoulders, lifted him firmly with neither roughness nor gentleness, and said clearly and steadily in English: "Have you found gold?"

With the passive reaction of the very ill the boy said: "Gold? Yes, of course we've found gold!" And then with a youthful innocence: "I want to swim in the sea."

"Where did you find it?" Lemaire's voice had not risen, but again it had a compelling quality about it.

The boy said, doubtfully this time: "Gold? Under the cliff."

A SPASM of pain contracted his face and Lemaire heard a dry, rasping wheezing. With the same firm movements, he lowered the head and shoulders to the ground again. Then he rose to his feet, reached automatically for his gun and walked over to the pestle. Everything fell into place now: the mortar, the broken stone, the pick, the oddly shaped hammer and the sieve that was propped against the trunk of a tree beyond.

Stooping, he searched with his fingers for a moment among the broken stone and lifted out one piece. The chain of visible gold ran across it, thinly threaded between the grey shapes of the stone itself. It was like fruit cake in tones of silver and steel and pewter, as if pebbles of every varying shade of grey had been welded into a mass; and through this mass ran the thread of gold. There was no mistaking it.

Lemaire had seen fool's gold before, but this was not fool's gold. It had the soft richness of the royal metal, the indefinable aureate quality. He picked up another fragment. There were specks of gold in this, not more. Two other pieces held nothing that he could see; there was another piece with a short thread in it. He slipped them into his pocket and stood for a moment in silence.

Then he looked swiftly round the encampment again. It was a place of discomfort with small provision for living, and from it bush was broken and grass beaten in a track that led towards the cliff. He followed its obvious markings until he came almost to the scree that underlay the foot of the towering rock face. There was a shelf of rock here that sloped up towards him, and he could see marks of breakage upon it, and below, against its face, there was a hole dug, eight feet long and perhaps five feet in depth. There was a bucket here and another pick, broken glass from a bottle and cut wood.

They had found gold, then. This was the rock from which the broken fragments in the mortar

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The first step in document examination; Rhodes studies a client's letter through a magnifying glass. He has been called in to many poison-pen cases—and the culprit has usually been a woman

Forgers fear the microscope man

by DENNIS HOLMAN

Whether it's a doctored cheque or a poison-pen letter, there's always a flaw somewhere. And Henry Rhodes is sure to find it

EARLY IN OCTOBER last year, an insurance company received a claim for the loss of a diamond ring. It was worth £550, the claimants said, and a letter of valuation from a well-known jeweller was produced as proof. This was sent to be checked by a document examiner. A week later, with the examiner's report before him, an executive of the insurance company interviewed the claimants, a man and wife. Within a quarter of an hour they emerged red-faced from the office.

"They were lucky the police weren't called in," says Henry Rhodes, the document examiner whose report had shattered the couple's hopes. "From a micro-chemical test on the letter I discovered that, although the letter was dated January, 1947, the ink was no more than six weeks old. The signature was a forgery—and the claim was dropped."

Laboratory detection of this sort is routine work for Rhodes. Since much litigation depends entirely upon the validity of documents, he is kept busy behind a powerful magnifying glass in his chambers in St. Paul's Churchyard, London. Documents offer a wide field for examination, and Rhodes is much more than a micro-chemist. He is also an expert on handwriting, forgery, type-identification, seals, rubber stamps, glues, inks and parchment.

Gaunt and lean-faced, with the slow, precise speech of one accustomed to weighing his opinion with the greatest care, he has a reputation in legal circles for treating every document examination as a hanging matter.

Recently the commanding officer of an army unit in the north of England received an insulting anonymous postcard. He strongly suspected it had come from one of his subalterns, and he asked his officers to copy out the anonymous postcard. Then he sent it, together with the copies, to Rhodes.

Certain writers, even when they disguise their handwriting or alter its normal size, retain the same relative sizes of the letters. By measuring the letters on each copy, and comparing the measurements on a graph with those of the postcard, Rhodes was able to single out one copy which matched the postcard almost identically. But before reporting his conclusions, he photographed every letter of the suspected writing, enlarged it to ten times its normal size, and traced its similarity, feature by feature, with the offending document. The culprit was transferred to another unit.

Camera Shows The Flaws

It is almost impossible to disguise one's handwriting from the modern expert. "Many writers of anonymous letters have tried it, by deliberately altering their technique and penhold for instance, but minute characteristics remain unchanged," says Rhodes.

When a woman dips her pen in poison—and it is usually women who do so—she is seldom content to write just one letter, Rhodes maintains. Motivated by hatred or revenge, and impelled by a growing sense of power, she goes on and on. One Frenchwoman wrote more than five hundred poison-pen letters before she was found out.

If it is difficult to disguise one's handwriting, it is equally difficult to bring off the perfect forgery, says Rhodes. "A forgery may appear quite normal to the naked eye, but a photomicrograph, enlarging it ten or twenty times, will reveal tell-tale flaws."

Usually a forged stroke looks as if it has been drawn rather than written. Even after a forger has practised a signature for weeks, he writes more slowly than normally, and enlargement magnifies every pause and tremble, every hesitation and unnatural penlift. Also affected is the shading, or thickness of the strokes caused by pen pressure and varying with the penhold. Forgers have most trouble with shading, particularly in reproducing it at the right point. Most resort to retouching, and it is nearly always possible to detect this.

Husband Was Found Out

Rhodes refers to some of his cases as "fiddling the books." Erasure, he thinks, is a crude method of removing an entry, and easily spotted by holding it obliquely to the light, or above iodine fumes that turn the damaged surface of the paper brown. And erased words can frequently be restored. A far more sophisticated means of removing writing is by the use of bleaching agents, such as hypochlorous, oxalic and citric acids, against which even the so-called "safety" inks offer little resistance.

Fortunately the document examiners have kept pace technically with the crooks. The undoing of many a "fiddler" has been the ultra-violet lamp. Paper glows in this light, and impressions left after ink has been bleached out will show up dark. Photographs of the impressions can be enlarged and transcribed. One woman gave Rhodes a sheet of blotting paper with a faint impression of writing. On it he found a transcription of a love-letter, which he proved by comparison to be in the handwriting of her husband. That decision by Rhodes

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Eve takes the trouble—and makes a fortune

by ARTHUR HUTTON

For Eve Boswell, everything must be just right—even the words of a song. Her insistence on perfection has carried her to the top, and she means to stay there

A SMALL, SLIGHTLY-BUILT young woman with dancing brown eyes and jet black hair struggled from the front seat of a car that had ploughed into a snow drift on the road between Liverpool and Oldham. Without a word, she started to thumb a lift from an oncoming lorry. "Where are you going?" she asked the driver.

"Oldham," he replied.

"Good," she said. "So am I." At Oldham she made frantic inquiries at a railway station and dashed back to the lorry. "You're going to Manchester now," she said. "I've missed my train." In Manchester she caught a train to Leeds, then goaded a taxi-driver to a small factory in the bleak Yorkshire hills.

Though the engagement was not an important one—stars frequently excuse themselves from *Workers' Playtime* at the last minute—the incident was typical of Eve Boswell. In ten years of crooning she has seen singers become popular overnight and others plunge into sudden obscurity. Today, she does everything to further her career, and takes stern measures when anything threatens it.

Recently, she flew to Amsterdam from Brussels for a television appearance. Her plane was fog-bound and she chartered a special bus to the studios. When she arrived, exhausted, she noticed that the orchestra was improvising in the background. Eve wheeled on the eminent conductor. "Didn't you learn the arrangements I sent you?" she asked.

The conductor shrugged his shoulders and mopped his forehead. "We've been working steadily for two days," he said. "We're tired."

"So am I," she blazed, "but that's no excuse for mistakes."

"By the time they went on the air," her husband recalls, "the orchestra was playing flawlessly."

With many offers of £250 for single engagements, Eve Boswell finds most bids too good to turn down. She now tops variety bills, has played in more than a thousand radio shows and made twenty-four television appearances. She appeared in the 1953 Command Performance after having been in Britain only four years, and has cleared as much as £600 in one engagement. Normally she earns £400 a week.

But she was not always so fortunate. Soon after she left Geraldo's orchestra in 1951 to freelance she could not get a job, and had to wire her father for £250. Later, she started at the bottom of the variety bills and played at remote provincial theatres.

She owes her present position to the fight she has put up since the lean months of 1951. "She knows what she wants and usually gets it," says Phil Green, who supports her on records. At one recording session, the petite, determined crooner rehearsed a studio full of musicians in the hand-clapping accompaniment for "Sugar Bush" and was not satisfied until they had it perfectly. When she was supposed to have laryngitis, she surprised producer Bill Lyon-Shaw by marching into a television rehearsal, beating out the time to a tune for Eric Robinson, and accompanying him in hoarse whispers.

Exhausted By Her Long Journey

By now Eve is known for her fierce determination. During *The Show Of Shows*, which ran from June to October, 1953, in Blackpool, she made weekly visits to London to record two series for the B.B.C.—*Commonwealth Of Song* and *Time To Dream*. After her performance each Saturday night she drove to Wolverhampton and caught a sleeper to London. There was never time for dinner. "She would arrive absolutely exhausted," producer John Hooper says. "We fortified her with black coffee and brandy, and she threw all she had into her songs."

At that time she made eight appearances nightly and in one interval had to rush upstairs, change her gown, and take a waiting taxi to the Palace Ballroom for a television show. She had one minute to fix her dress and hair. On the way back, she changed into her original costume in the taxi. One night, when Allan Jones's voice broke down during the run of a show at the Winter Gardens Pavilion, Eve deputized for him, adding four appearances to her regular eight.

Her friends and critics agree that she has an infectious style and an extraordinary talent for showmanship. She realizes that a pleasant voice is not enough to make a crooner successful. She dresses impeccably both on and off stage; she refused to record a new song entitled "Rags to Riches" because she objected to the line: *"My clothes may still be torn and tattered."*

Bond Street Dresses In Korea

"She won't go on stage until her make-up, hair, dress, arrangements and lighting are absolutely right," says her agent, Leslie Macdonnell. Frankie Howerd, with whom Eve toured Korea in 1952, recalls that in spite of mud, slush and dust, wherever she went, she always dressed as if she had just walked out of a Bond Street shop.

"She is one of the coolest acts in the entertainment world," says choreographer-producer Joan Davis. When Eve walked on stage at the beginning of last year's Command Performance she discovered that a variety artist had left his prop in full view of the audience. Unruffled, she picked it up, carried it to the trembling man in the wings, and waggled a reproving finger. "She did it so good-naturedly," a fellow artist recalls, "that it helped to break the ice and there was a round of applause."

When a piece of dust blew into her eye one night, and began to sting, she covered up by winking impishly at the audience. "They must have thought it odd," she says now. "I was singing a number called 'Cry'." There was another accident in one sequence of *The Show Of Shows*. She "floated" on stage at the helm of a yacht, as she sang a ballad called "White Sails In The Moonlight." The motor broke down and the yacht stuck half-way across the stage. Eve was helpless, and went on crooning as the audience began to titter.

In October, 1947, she was singing at a hotel outside Johannesburg. One day she received a phone call from a stranger who asked her to sing on his new radio series. "I'm Lord Adrian Foley," he said.

"And I'm the Queen of Sheba," Eve snapped, and slammed down the phone. Later, the composer-pianist convinced her that it was not a joke. When he returned to England, he took her private recordings to Geraldo, who promptly offered her a three-month contract with an option. She sold her flat, furniture and £100 car to raise money for an air ticket. She sang with Geraldo for two years, made records with him, and appeared in nearly six hundred

Eve Boswell and Frankie Howerd used to give concerts for the men in Korea—a mile from the front. Recently, they met again on TV

At the top of the tree.. Eve Boswell (fourth from left) lines up with other star artists to meet the Queen at the 1953 Command Performance

radio broadcasts and three television programmes.

She was once asked to sing a Yiddish song at a concert. "I couldn't pronounce one word of the language," Eve recalls, "so I bought a record of Sophie Tucker singing 'Yiddisher Momma,' took it into a record booth, and memorized it. Afterwards, a rabbi told me—in Yiddish—how much he had enjoyed the song. He was dumbfounded when I told him I didn't understand a word he was saying."

Shortly after she left Geraldo, Eve asked her present agent, Leslie Macdonnell, if he would manage her. "She seemed a conscientious girl," he recalls, "and she was obviously talented. But what impressed me most was her willingness to start at the bottom and work her way up."

It was a long flight back from Korea, and her telephone was ringing as she wearily opened the door of her London flat. Could she deputize immediately for Vera Lynn, who had been taken ill? With minutes to freshen herself, fix her hair and iron her gown, she went to a press interview and then on to the Adelphi Theatre. It was her first appearance in the West End.

Today she sings in eleven languages, speaks Hungarian, German and Afrikaans fluently, and can also make herself understood in French and Italian. But she has more than a good voice.

Television producer Bill Lyon-Shaw recalls the first time he saw Eve dance. In Blackpool on a booking tour, he called at the Opera House, where she was appearing in *The Show Of Shows*. Watching the Tiller girls perform difficult routines at a rehearsal, he turned to the crooner and jokingly asked her: "Can you do that?" He recalls: "To my amazement, she did a series of spins twice as fast as anything I'd ever seen. A few weeks later, I put her on television in tights."

When she was still with Geraldo, Eve told recording officials that she had a sure hit. It was "Suikerbos," a South African folk tune; she had heard people sing it in the streets. In English, the title meant "Sugar Bush." The recording officials listened, but were not impressed. Then Frankie Laine and Doris Day released the tune in America and it became a hit. Eve recorded her version, the records were rushed to the shops, and now "Sugar Bush" is her biggest money-maker.

Round Europe With Her Parents

Eve Boswell was born in Budapest twenty-nine years ago. Her parents earned their living as a variety team and she was educated at boarding schools in Hungary, Germany and Switzerland while they toured Europe. She joined them during the holidays and learned their acts to entertain her school friends.

When she left school and joined her parents' act, spectators invariably confused her with her mother, who was barely four feet eleven inches tall. Father, mother and daughter formed a variety act known as the Three Hugos, and toured the Continent. In September, 1939, they were in London and, as citizens of an alien country, found it difficult to get work. They were advised by the Home Office to try South Africa, and there they joined Boswell Bros. Circus. In April, 1940, Eve met Trevor Boswell, the show's publicity agent. A few years later, Boswell, then a Desert Rat who had been wounded in the fall of Benghazi, caught up with the show in Gobabis, and they were married.

In 1944, the Hugos were sharing half the variety bill at a military hospital outside Johannesburg. The other half belonged to an orchestra. When the band's vocalist suddenly became ill, the leader asked Eve's mother if she or her daughter would fill the spot. Eve was chosen because she knew English lyrics. Afterwards she was offered a job with the band, but decided to stay with her parents. A few months later, her father opened a theatrical agency and Eve became his first client. When Lord Foley sent her records to Geraldo she was singing in cabaret at South African night clubs.

Eve remembers the desperate months she spent in London with her parents, after the outbreak of war, when they existed on a few cabaret engagements and a tour of military camps. The memory has fired her with a sense of purpose that others are quick to detect.

When she deputized for Vera Lynn in *London Laughs* at the Adelphi, she did a song-and-dance routine with Jimmy Edwards in the finale. The tune was "April Showers," and one night Edwards, in a frisky mood, tipped his straw hat forward, nudged Eve in the ribs, and improvised a few eccentric steps. When she did not react, he tried again. Still she did not smile. Surprised, the comedian looked round and saw that she was worlds away, counting her steps to make sure they were right. THE END

"I do fuss, don't I, darling?" his wife said. Bellingham looked at her fondly. "I love it," he said

THE GENTLE KILLER

by *ELLIOT WEST*

ILLUSTRATED BY CASWELL

He was a quiet, kindly man. But business was business—and his business was murder

BELLINGHAM SEEMED ALWAYS to have a wistful smile on his face. But though he was indeed a man of mild disposition, it was largely the natural cut of his mouth that produced this effect. His eyes were unwavering, grey and tranquil. They were otherwise undistinguished, as was his entire general appearance.

At fifty-six, in a state of semi-retirement, he had managed to provide a solid, well-appointed house in the Midlands for his wife Edith and their daughter Dorothy, and appeared to lead a pleasant life without strife or unrest. He could enjoy the taste of his pipe, the writings of certain Ancient Greeks, the music of the Central Europeans.

He loved to whistle to himself while walking through the pastures, the woods and along the roads. Any and all weather was weather for walking. Mrs. Bellingham, however, would take exception to rain or dankness, since he was not too robust and since she was, perhaps, a bit over-protective. This was especially so when he would prepare to embark on one of his not-too-frequent business trips.

On this occasion she insisted upon his having something hot before leaving the house, as she always did, and with her redoubtable air forced a teacup and saucer into his hands.

"You're a fusser," he said. "But I'll compromise. Two sips—standing up."

"Don't forget your warmed milk before bedtime."

"I'm going only as far as London, my sweet," he informed her patiently. "And only for a day or two."

"You sound regretful," Edith Bellingham declared.

Bellingham smiled. "I'm not," he assured her.

At the front door, Dorothy, who was just sixteen, kissed his cheek. "Goodbye, Daddy."

"Goodbye, darling," he said. "I'll see you on Thursday. My business should not take any longer than that."

"Don't forget your warmed milk," his wife reminded. "You're not Heathcliffe, you know."

"Yes, my dear."

Her face softened and she peered lovingly at

The man slumped over the desk, dead. As the girl entered the room, Bellingham was calmly replacing the gun. Everything was going nicely to plan

him. "I do fuss, don't I, darling?" she said.

Bellingham returned her warm look, half smiling.

"I suppose," she went on, "a man can feel smothered—even by affection."

"I love it," he said. He kissed her and was gone.

Eighteen hours later, Bellingham was in Ankara, Turkey. . . .

In the back of a restaurant, oppressively dim and partitioned off by two beaded curtains, sat a dark, heavy-set man. Bellingham was escorted to him by a young woman. No one else seemed to be on the premises. Bellingham, his briefcase in his hand, stood there with a benign expression on his face.

When the young woman left them, Bellingham spoke.

"Good evening," he said to the seated man.

The man said nothing, but leaned forward with a hint of eagerness in his manner. Bellingham took the liberty of sitting down opposite him.

The man stared at Bellingham a moment and said in precise, clipped English: "Very good. Negotiation was the only course your friends could take."

"Perhaps."

"It was obvious I could be no more conciliatory than I had already been," the man said. Then: "But tell me, why such strict secrecy?"

"It's best at first," Bellingham said.

The man shrugged. "It's of no consequence," he said. "Now—shall we begin?"

Bellingham began to unfasten the briefcase which was now on the table. "Yes," he answered.

The man said: "Good. Very good."

And then Bellingham levelled at him a .32 automatic with silencer attachment and fired point-blank. A little puff exploded in the air. The dead man slumped forward.

Bellingham cleared his throat, calmly replaced the gun in the briefcase, and stood up. The young woman re-entered the enclosure. She swept past Bellingham to another entrance and stood silently awaiting his departure.

"Thank you," he said as he moved out past her. With the proper connections he would be home the next day.

Squeamish people are not the truly civilized people, he thought, as his plane winged out over the Dardanelles. They can destroy by proxy, but pale at the sight of blood. They're not civilized, as they think themselves to be, but merely prissy and faint of heart.

Bellingham allowed a passage from a Bach cantata to come into his head and replace the thought. . . .

It was not until the train had pulled away from the platform at Paddington, and Bellingham was seated comfortably and imperturbably in an empty third-class compartment, that Mr. Garrett made himself known. He had a sufficient lack of distinction for the work he was engaged in. His expression just now was furtive, and he was clearly upset. He came into the compartment and sat down uneasily, his bowler set stiffly on his lap.

"It's all there," he said quietly, transferring a thick, Manila envelope from an inside coat pocket to Bellingham's hands. "Four thousand pounds."

Bellingham slipped it, without fuss, into his inside breast pocket.

"Thank you," he said.

"I shall be getting off at Reading," Garrett said after a slight pause.

"Yes, I know."

Garrett, after another pause, said: "Was —your—trip—pleasant?"

Bellingham looked at him with kind eyes. "Mr. Garrett, please don't feel the need to make conversation. I shan't be slighted if you remain silent until the train stops."

"Oh."

"You should not allow a business transaction to force you into a social entanglement," Bellingham told him. "Not even a temporary one. Once you leave this train, forget you've ever seen me."

"Yes—of course."

And Bellingham was quite certain he would. . . .

Never once had Bellingham accepted payment for doing something he was ashamed of. Without fail, his heart was in his job. He believed in Hakete's death this time as he'd believed in Varescu's two years back, and Shilling's six months before that. If one man proved a hindrance to peace in a certain part of the world, his removal seemed logical. To Bellingham it was as logical as pulling weeds from his own garden in Malvern so that the flowers would have greater radiance.

He turned his head as the compartment door slid open. A tall, very handsome man of about thirty-five entered. He had his topcoat over one arm, the lights of Soho in his eyes, the tweeds of Savile Row on his back; he glistened.

"Hallo," he said brightly. "A first-class situation in a third-class coach, I'd call this." He tossed his coat on to the rack. "Don't mind, do you?"

"Not at all," Bellingham said.

Sitting down opposite Bellingham, the fellow said:

"Non-smoker, but the leg-room makes it worth the sacrifice."

Bellingham smiled politely.

"Of course," said the other, as an afterthought, "there's no one else in here and I *could* smoke if you didn't object." He slipped out a cigarette packet. "You don't, do you?"

"Not at all."

"Care for one?" he asked, extending the packet.

"No, thank you."

"My name is Devry; Arnold Devry."

"How do you do," Bellingham murmured.

"Going far?"

"Malvern."

"That's very nice country. I'm going a bit farther on—Kidderminster. Do you get around much?"

Bellingham looked away farther from him. "I'm afraid I never go farther than Southampton."

"Business?" Devry asked.

After a small pause, Bellingham said, "Yes."

"I'm on business, more or less, myself," Devry confided. "Not too pleasant, really. I have to go and settle up my aunt's estate in

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Mr. Tebbs, surgeon who cures sick trees

by JACK ATACK

So many things can happen to a tree. Fred Tebbs can cope with most of them, from a swarm of beetles to a flash of lightning

ONE AFTERNOON last summer, Fred Tebbs was called out to examine a large tree branch that overhung a garden in Tottenham. The owner of the garden, convinced that the branch was rotten, feared it would come crashing down. The owner of the tree was not convinced at all, and flatly refused to have it touched. Tebbs erected his ladders and, with another man, scrambled into the top.

He had just started to examine the branch, riddled with cavities, when he heard frenzied screams and shouts from below. The irate tree owner had rushed from her house, kicked away the ladders and was hurling flower-pots at him.

"We had to swing back down on our ropes," Tebbs recalls. "Then we explained that the law was on our side. When overhanging branches become dangerous, people whose property they overhang are justified in having them removed. The woman went off fuming but convinced."

Patience and tact are two qualities often called for in Fred Tebbs's job. A stocky thirty-five year old with a blunt, forthright manner, he has turned into a fine art his seventeen years' experience with trees. One of a handful of tree-surgeons in Britain, Tebbs combines the work of doctor and dentist. Trees that are decayed, he fills like a tooth. Trees that are dangerous, he braces up with strong wire. When more drastic remedies are needed, he prunes or fells the tree. His jobs have ranged from uprooting a six hundred year old yew in a remote English churchyard to supervising the removal of four thousand diseased trees from a building-site in Roehampton.

He has cleared up after trees have been harmed by water rot, elm bark, long-horn beetles; by various kinds of moth, and by lightning, wind, hail, squirrels, horses, cattle and dozens of varieties of fungi. He has preserved almost-dead rare and ancient trees, and has supervised the shaping of trees when two-thirds of the branches have been removed without noticeable difference. He has, too, converted condemned trees into healthy specimens.

Last year, Tebbs was asked to inspect a two hundred year old elm tree at Chigwell. It was rotting, and the top of the trunk had broken off, leaving forty feet of tree. This, in turn, had split, leaving only half the trunk. The owners were amazed when Tebbs said he could save the tree. The split was filled with more than three tons of ballast and cement; then Tebbs tarred the surface and painted it until the repair was completely camouflaged. "We added fifty years to the tree's life," says Tebbs.

On another occasion, Tebbs was called to examine a rare catalpa that was dying through neglect. It had passed maturity and was riddled with cavities, but Tebbs was determined to save it. He scooped the pulpy mess out of each cavity, ran a blowlamp around to kill any insects, painted the interior with a solution of carbolic acid, and filled the space with coal tar and sawdust. The top branches were thinned out so that the wind could blow through the tree without straining it. "It was a complete cure."

Felled In Five Minutes

But sometimes no cure is possible. When Tebbs investigated a giant elm overhanging a main road on Clapham Common, he advised immediate felling. Police blocked the road and the tree was down in five minutes. "It had rotted from the centre," Tebbs says, "and there were virtually no roots left. It was anybody's guess how long it would stay up before crashing into the road."

Most trees start to rot soon after maturity; in the case of elm, this means about eighty years. Superficial rot sets in when branches break off or are carelessly hacked away; the wound is left exposed, water lies on it, stagnating, and gradually seeps through to form cavities under the bark. These cavities are often revealed by knobby fungi, and sometimes become infested with insects.

Recently, Tebbs went to Ipswich, where three large oaks had been struck by lightning. One was filled with unusually large cavities and gave off a peculiar, pungent odour. A single whiff, and Tebbs guessed the trouble. He ordered a slice to be taken from the tree. As he expected, it contained grubs of the goat moth. "The tree was honeycombed with passages," he says. "We had to fell it and burn all the wood on the spot. Though it was a fairly uncommon disease, the thousands of grubs in the tree would soon have multiplied many times."

Sometimes, a tree must go. It may be diseased

This old elm, rotten and split in two, seemed doomed. Now Fred Tebbs points out the concrete and ballast filling that saved the tree's life

Where felling is necessary, Tebbs tries to get the tree out in one piece, as the timber is then more valuable. Cranes, tractors and winches are often used, though some trees can be exceptionally stubborn. One tree was so solidly and intricately rooted that a crane cable capable of lifting eight tons could not budge it.

Care must be taken not to damage adjacent trees, shrubbery and property. Once Tebbs had to drop a 140-foot plane tree with only eighteen inches to spare on each side of the branches.

Tebbs has sometimes had to dismantle an awkwardly placed tree piece by piece. When he was recently asked to remove a tree in Berkeley Street, London, he discovered that it grew in a very small square between buildings about a hundred feet high. There was no exit from the square on to the street. "To get the tree out," Tebbs says, "we had to manhandle it in sections of three feet up a fire escape, on to a roof, down a winding flight of stairs inside the building and then into the street."

One of the finer points of tree surgery involves

beyond recovery, or, like this one at Swiss Cottage, it may be holding up London's housing drive

pruning, which must be done so that the tree does not become lopsided or scraggy. Eight brimming lorry loads of wood were taken away from an oak in Highgate, and to the inexperienced eye the tree appeared untouched; and twenty tons of timber were removed from a large beech tree at Ipswich to prevent branches crashing on to a school playground.

"Careful pruning," Tebbs explains, "can add an indefinite period to a tree's life." Once he received a phone call from an elderly man in Barnet, who had, in his garden, a 450-year-old willow that blended perfectly with the landscape. The tree was gradually falling, but the proud owner had delayed action until the last minute. Now the tree was leaning at a forty-five degree angle and, reluctantly, the owner asked Tebbs to fell it.

Restored Tree's Balance

Tebbs examined the tree and ordered one side to be pruned. In three months, it had straightened out by six inches. "It was a fine old specimen," Tebbs says. "There was no reason to fell it. Branches had been dropping off one side over a period of years, and it was simply a question of restoring the tree's balance."

In pruning, tar is swabbed on to the wounds to keep out the weather and insects. In more serious cases, when the tree has to be felled, a V-shaped throat is cut in the base of the trunk. The throat acts as a hinge and the tree falls in the right direction. "On a calm day," Tebbs says, "and with patience and exact roping a tree can be dropped on to any given point." To test trees, Tebbs jabs the base of the trunk with an increment borer.

This extracts a pencil-thin slice of wood, eighteen inches long. If the tree is sound the slice will be solid; if bad, a pulpy mess, possibly containing some fungus. If the interior has rotted away, the instrument will strike the hollow.

At one site in Essex, elm bark beetles had run amok through neglected trees. When London County Council took over, Tebbs was rushed to the job. To check the disease, he lopped off all the infected branches and burned them immediately. When he first examined the trees, more than half were crippled. Today, a year later, many have lost their mangy look, and some have returned to natural health.

Many trees have been saved through skilful bracing. When a building contractor wanted to fell a large beech tree at Putney, Tebbs assured him that it could be saved. The dangerous branches were secured with four hundred feet of wire, and today the tree is a well-shaped specimen. "In such cases," Tebbs explains, "the wire must be taut. Otherwise, the wind will continually jerk it until the wire breaks or the branch parts. The least bit of slack will also chafe the branches, leaving them exposed to rot and insects."

After electrical storms, Tebbs receives many requests to clear up trees struck by lightning. "The trees have often not been struck by lightning at all," he says. "Usually, the wind has ripped away a rotten branch. People like to dramatize these things." Where, in fact, lightning has struck, Tebbs coats the stripped bark with coal tar and zinc.

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

Eighty Calls After Storm

High winds also keep him busy. Following a severe gale last autumn, he had eighty telephone calls in one day. He sent his men to all emergency points. In one case, a large Lombardy poplar had crashed through the back of a house into the bathroom. It was a tricky business to remove the tree without causing more damage. In Totteridge, one tree had fallen into another. Using four winches, Tebbs and twelve other men raised the crippled tree inch by inch, taking care that the tangled branches did not snap.

Some calls on Tebbs are more unusual. After the great fog of 1952, a client called him to his home in North London. Woefully, he showed Tebbs the evergreen trees he had taken years to shape; they were coated with thick black soot. "I told him there was nothing we could do, apart from washing each leaf separately," says Tebbs. "He had to wait until spring for the leaves to shed. It ruined his garden for the whole winter."

The nature of the soil often affects the life of a tree. Birch and beech trees need a dry soil, whereas poplar and lime thrive in moisture. In their search for water, roots have been known to travel surprising distances. Once Tebbs was called to a large block of flats at Kingston that had been undermined by the roots of some Lombardy poplars hundreds of feet away. The roots had struck under the building into the rainwater drains, and had swollen up to a tremendous size, cracking the foundations.

He had also to examine an old elm at Highgate that was drinking all the moisture from the ground and causing the surrounding buildings to sink. "After trees reach maturity," Tebbs says, "they have usually found their source of supply. If they are planted after the property is built up, they are still searching for it."

Tebbs's clients range from a celebrated pianist, who wanted large trees in his garden felled without a grain of sawdust left behind, to a farmer whose cattle and horses had stripped the bark at the base of trees in his fields.

When Tebbs Was Ignored

Clients rarely refuse his advice, and if they do they usually regret it. Several years ago, Tebbs examined three eighty-foot willows on a bank by a small river. They were in an unusually high position, and the river was gradually washing away the bank underneath them. But the owner refused to have them felled. Two years later, without warning, one of the willows crashed across the river and over five gardens, narrowly missing a small child. The owner phoned Tebbs, and asked him to fell the other two at once.

Tebbs employs twenty-seven men, all skilled toppers. He describes the profession as hazardous and claims that only one out of forty applicants is suitable. He has often had to turn down ex-paratroopers and ex-Commandos. Every £1,000 in wages costs him £40 in workmen's compensation alone, and he says that insurance companies "don't want to know" tree toppers.

His satisfaction often extends beyond the immediate job. A client once called him to fell a large chestnut tree in a back garden. The tree was in perfect health but the chestnuts, in the autumn, were falling through the roof of a greenhouse. "In spite of this," Tebbs recalls, "the owner had become very attached to the tree and he mournfully watched us fell it. I felt sorry for him and had an idea. After the tree was down, we drove the timber off to a mill and had it cut into furniture boards.

"Today the man has his tree back—in the form of beautifully polished imitation oak chairs and tables." THE END

A suit for Lucy's party

by ***LIONEL DAVIDSON***

ILLUSTRATED BY FAIRBAIRN

Lord Kincallon was meeting Royalty. I was meeting Lucy. Which meant we both had to have new suits . . .

FOR FOUR DAYS, the boy mooned about the house. Whenever I walked into a room, he walked out. He wouldn't meet my eye, except coldly, and at last it got on my nerves. I called him and I said: "Look, Dave, I don't like to see you go around with a face like that. You know I'm not made of money."

"I'm not asking you for any," he said.

"You don't ask, but you look at me as if I were doing you a mortal injury."

"Maybe you are," he said.

I didn't laugh. Maybe I was. I myself fell in love at the age of thirteen and a half, and Dave was sixteen. I fell in love quite desperately, and, as a matter of fact, I never fell out of it again. But what was the use of telling him that?

I said: "Dave, believe me—clothes don't make the man. You can go to that party and nobody will think any the worse of you. I want to tell you a story——"

He got up. "If you don't want to buy me a suit, you don't have to, Dad," he said. "It's your money. Why should you lose sleep whether or not I go to a party? But I don't have to listen to a sermon so that you can justify yourself."

I should have cooled him off for that one, but I don't know, I was upset, uneasy, a little guilty. The new car I had ordered would set me back quite a bit. It meant going easy for a few weeks. No unbudgeted expenses. No new suits.

I took his arm and shook it a little. "Listen, anyway. You're not the only fellow who wanted to go to a party and needed a new suit to go in. This is no sermon, Dave. It's the truth. It happened to me."

I had hold of his arm, and he didn't like to pull himself away. He said, sulkily: "All right, let's hear it."

So I told him about it.

It was during the depression, and my old man was a depressed master tailor. In one year he had made one suit, and that was for my elder brother Joe to get a job in. So he stopped being a master tailor, and became a coat-maker. He was a very good tailor and he found plenty of work in the high-class establishments; only pride had stopped him doing it before.

That was one year, and then there was another. Several other master tailors had become just coat-makers; some had even become lowly trouser-makers. The gentry were slow payers. Soon they stopped paying altogether. The trade was at a standstill.

Once a week, my father went to Belton and Fogg's, the very best of the tailors who had been employing him. I went with him one day during the school holidays. The cutter looked up as we came in. "You're the fifth today," he said shortly. "The place is beginning to look like a soup kitchen. There's no point in coming in. I'll send for you if there's anything."

My old man swallowed and looked down. He had come with another suggestion, but now it stuck in his throat.

"I might do a trouser now and again;" he said. "Just now and again."

The cutter laughed. "You know how many trouser men I have? Twenty-three——" He was interrupted by the old-fashioned wall telephone.

My father took my arm and we went out. We were a few yards down the street when one of the fitters ran to the doorway, snapping his fingers.

We went back. The cutter was still at the phone. "Yes, my lord. With the greatest of pleasure. Please leave everything to us. Not the least bit of trouble. . . . Thank you, my lord."

He hung up, snarling. "Kincallon—that young snotty nose. We'd have kept him waiting three months for a suit in the normal way. A minimum of three months. Now he must have three—three—in four days. This is what the country's come to."

He saw us waiting. "Well," he said irritably, "stay on a bit. I'll have a coat for you."

My old man said quickly, "If there's a hurry, I could take three."

"Three coats in four days!"

"I'm a fast worker."

"Well," the cutter said dubiously. "All right, then. Good work, though, mind."

HE looked up the young nobleman's measurements and thumbed through his patterns and sent up to the stockroom for three bolts of cloth. And then he had to send up again. My father had no padding left. The fine woollen padding for the front of a coat was expensive and rationed out sparingly. The exact length of each piece given to the coat-maker was booked out, and any left over was either returned or kept for the next coat. My father took three yards.

The cutter worked quickly and angrily and superbly, and the cut-outs and the padding were packed.

My old man reached out for the parcel. The cutter kept his hands on it.

"There's just one thing," he said. "Business is very slow. Our overheads go on. It'll have to be five shillings less each coat." And before my father could answer: "Believe me, I've got a list of coat-makers as long as your arm, begging me for work. Just say if——"

"All right," my father said.

"First fitting two days' time the grey and morning coat."

"Two days!" my father said, and then, quickly, "Fine, fine, all right."

His lips were pursed and his face was closed, and right away I knew I was doomed. He had forgotten. . . . But how could he have forgotten? Surely it wasn't possible. . . .

We didn't speak on the way home, and he went into his workroom the minute we arrived. He worked right through dinner, and I took him in sandwiches.

His face was grey, he was stitching with sullen concentration, and he just nodded to me. He'd forgotten all right; forgotten the

Kincallon stood before the mirror, trying on the

oat and joking with his fiancée. I was watching, too, and hating him more intensely than ever

most important thing in my life. And there was no reminding him now.

In two days, Lucy Manfred was having a party. I loved Lucy, loved her almost to distraction. I imagined myself in the most romantic situations with her, like throwing myself in front of a motor car to save her, or saying to a bully: "Stand out of this young lady's path—at once!"

NOTHING like that had come up so far. In fact, I hardly knew her: my old man had once made her old man a suit, that was all. But now, against all reason, she had invited me to her party. And I had no suit to go in.

In the past year, I had worn into my best suit; my old man had merely altered it from time to time to meet my growing requirements. I had mentioned it to him, nervously, knowing the financial circumstances, but some of my desperation must have come through. He had smiled and said he would look around for a piece of stuff. He was supposed to have looked around that morning. And he had forgotten!

In despair, I must have stood there for a minute or two, holding the plate of sandwiches. He said irritably: "Don't stand over me. Put the plate down." And then he looked up. The tears were streaming slowly down my cheeks.

He began to say: "What's the matter?" And then he stopped, suddenly remembering. He put his work down slowly, his mouth open, and his face seemed to grow greyer. "What can I do, son? You heard what he said. Three coats in four days. It's not possible. . . ."

Through my tears, I said: "It's all right. . . ."

"Maybe . . ." he said. But he didn't say maybe what. There was no maybe. I ran out, up to my own room, face down on the bed, sobbing. There would be plenty of other boys at Lucy Manfred's party. She'd hardly notice my absence.

Two days later, I went up to town with the parcel for the first fitting, hating Belton and Fogg and Lord Kincallon. My father stayed, working at the third coat. I travelled up in an old pair of shorts and a jersey. Dad had told me to leave out my suit the night before to see what he could do with it.

Kincallon was already there, a beautiful young woman with him. The cutter was fawning on them both. He snatched the parcel from my hands, and in a minute or two Kincallon was standing in front of a mirror with the uncompleted morning coat on, joking with the girl. It seemed they were going to a Royal Garden Party, and they were engaged to be married, and for both functions Kincallon needed the morning coat. I hated him more intensely than ever.

Half a dozen people, myself included, were worrying to see that Kincallon got to his party in a fine new suit. Nobody would lift a hand to see that I got one.

My sobbing despair had gone by this time, of course. I was cynical now. In two days I had learnt the ways of the world and understood the division between the haves and have-nots. So that when I got home with the parcel again, and my old man said: "Don't worry, you'll go to your party," my heart gave a wild leap.

His eyes were sunk in his head, his face unshaven.

"I sponged and pressed the suit," he said, and the ghost of a smile crossed his face. "Don't worry about it."

"Thank you," I said cynically. You could sponge and press that old suit for a week and it would still look what it was. I wasn't going to disgrace myself at a party by wearing it. Not at Lucy's party. . . .

BUT I went to the party, all the same. And Kincallon went to his. And despite his grand suit, I think I had the better time. For nothing came of his proposed marriage. I don't know why. Something must have happened at that party. All I heard was that he'd gone to Monte Carlo and lost every penny and blown his brains out. And Belton and Fogg's never did get the money he owed them.

"And I suppose you made a hit with Lucy at your party despite your suit," Dave said, in the kind of sneer he has suddenly affected—the haves and the have-nots, I suppose. "That would be Mother, would it?"

"That's right," I said.

I had taken my arm away, and he got up. "O.K." he said. "Here endeth the lesson. Clothes don't make the man." At the door, he said: "I hope it's made you feel better."

I called after him, but he pretended not to hear me, and after a minute or two sitting there quietly by myself, realizing the way I'd cheated and feeling worse than ever, I went across to the telephone. If my father could risk his livelihood, surely I could forget that car for a while.

It was in my mind so clearly as I picked up the phone that I had to put it down again, helpless with the spasm of nervous laughter. The old man, sitting up that night with the morning coat, carefully sponging and pressing my terrible old suit, carefully cutting it up and sewing it into Kincallon's suits, carefully making me a new suit out of the fine woollen padding. The risk he had run if some detail were wrong at that first fitting and it had been unstitched in the shop . . . !

He had been terribly sure of his skill, terribly sure the risk was worth taking to help a boy maintain his pride. . . .

I picked up the phone again and dialled. "Hallo, Gordon. I'm sending my boy over. I'd like you to make him a suit. A grey pinhead, with not much of a drape whatever he asks you. He'll want it in four days—all right?" THE END.

Bechuanaland villagers bring home the giant tusks of elephants that were shot in a hunt by George Michael and his friends. The herd had caused

AFRICAN FURY (2) *by George Michael*

We save a village from wrecker elephants

A famous hunter tells of an exciting duel with an elephant herd —and of people who pay £100 a week for the thrills of a safari

ONE DAY, THE MANAGER of a well-known air service company in Johannesburg phoned me and said, "George, I have a wealthy American here who has just flown in with his wife and wants to do some shooting. You will be doing me a great favour if you could fix anything for him."

Since losing my job in a gun shop in Pretoria, my home town, I had branched out on my own as a professional hunter and now had a considerable reputation. I told my friend that the shooting season as such was closed, and all I could possibly arrange was a lion-shoot, because lions can be shot at any time of the year. This, my friend said, was exactly what the American wanted.

I took down the American's address and went over to Johannesburg to see him. He was a man of about fifty, and his wife was a very attractive young woman of about twenty-eight. He kept on telling me that he *must* get a lion, because he had promised his son in Los Angeles that he would shoot one for him, and he did not want to lose face with the boy. He tried to make me guarantee or promise him that he would definitely get a lion.

A hunter must be prepared to put up with the whims of his clients. But this American was asking for something I could not give him. I kept on telling him that I never guarantee anybody anything—not even in the game season, when game is very plentiful. I did tell him, however, that the *chances* of getting lion in the part of the Kalahari Desert we were going to were good, and that I had never yet been there without shooting or at least seeing a lion.

The American and his wife came over to my house on the evening before we were due to leave, and stayed with us for that night. Before our departure I made sure, as usual, that all the vehicles we were taking had a thorough check at the garage. On this occasion, Bob Ivy, my hunting companion, had his one-ton Ford overhauled, and I had my jeep checked. Both seemed in fine fettle, and on the morning of our departure everybody was in good humour and full of beans.

After two days of driving over rough, dusty tracks, by which time our passengers were no longer thinking it was all such fun, we arrived at night at a camp I had used on a previous trip. It was on a slight rise overlooking Sukuma Pan, a dried-out salt-water lake. The next morning we made it as comfortable as possible, for we would be there for some time. The Americans had a tent to themselves, and Bob and I stretched a canvas over the limb of a tree and spread our bed-rolls under that.

About a dozen of my old trackers arrived at our camp that morning, some of them coming from places as much as ten miles away. Amazing how they got to know that I was there! After we had packed all our rifles, cameras, water-bottles, and some food in the jeep, I jumped into it to drive to the truck to fill up with petrol. I switched on the ignition, pressed the starter—and the engine hardly turned over.

I tried a few more times, but with the same result. Our American friend soon proved that he was an expert mechanic; he discovered, rather coldly, that the generator had burned out, and consequently the battery was on its last legs. Just before leaving Pretoria I had fitted a new battery and a new generator, and these were the last two things I thought would give us any trouble, so I had not brought spares.

Hunting Lion In A Jeep

To be without a jeep when hunting lions in the Kalahari is almost as bad as hunting lions without any ammunition in your rifle, for the method I use in the desert is to drive from one pan to another (sometimes they are twenty miles apart) and look for fresh spoor. When I find it, the native trackers start following, and we drive slowly behind them in the jeep. The tracker who has the spoor in view holds his hand in front of him with the thumb sticking

severe damage to the Africans' crops and homes

A cow elephant charges George Michael. As his bullet strikes home she sinks to her knees, dead

upwards, and points at the spoor with jabbing gestures every time he sees it.

A lion has to be pretty smart to outmanoeuvre these Kalahari trackers. Eventually he breaks cover and shows himself, and once he does that we give chase in the jeep. The idea is to try to head him off from any thick clumps of bush and keep him out in the open. A lion tires very quickly when he has to exert himself like this. Very often, when we get within ten or fifteen yards of him, he will stop suddenly, turn round and, with teeth bared, let out a terrific roar and come charging straight for the jeep. Then you must have steady nerves and aim.

Found No Sign Of Game

After a discussion with Bob, it was agreed that he should go back and buy a new generator and battery, and I would stay in camp and entertain our guests. While we waited, I made several trips on foot around Sukuma and was very worried at the lack of game. Usually there are hundreds of springbok in this area, but I hardly saw one on this journey, and where there are no game you seldom find lions.

Three nights later, Bob returned with the new parts. Next morning we started work on the jeep, and in a couple of hours had it running again. We loaded it with the necessary equipment, and with six trackers draped all over it we set out. The American's wife stayed behind.

For a few days we searched unsuccessfully for the lions until our American was almost frantic. Bob and I started to worry, too, because where there had been hundreds of head of game and dozens of fresh lion spoor two months ago, we now saw hardly any game and all the traces of lion were several weeks old.

We decided to move camp and go to another place about fifty miles north of Sukuma, where the natives believed all the game had gone. The natives in this new area said that they had heard lions not very far from our new camp the night before we arrived.

Next morning we set out in the direction from which the roaring had come, and after travelling for an hour or so we came to a pan about five hundred yards long and two hundred yards wide. We started circling the outer edge of this pan, and soon found a fresh lion spoor. At last we were on the trail. I looked across at Bob and said: "It's in the bag."

But it wasn't. We kept on his spoor for two hours, for four, six, eight hours, and then gradually our hopes of finding him began to fade; ten hours, and we had covered twenty-two miles after the lion. All the while, the American was getting madder and madder. At one stage he went so far as to say that *he* could see no spoor and he didn't believe the boys were following anything at all.

At dusk we gave up the chase and went back to camp. The American girl was waiting for her husband and was very worried at his being away for so long. Then she said: "I knew that if you were with George I shouldn't have worried"—and she looked at me and fluttered her lovely eyes. I was just in the mood to flutter back, and I think her husband noticed; and I didn't care a lot either way.

We were tired and thoroughly enjoyed a few Scotches and the dinner my cookboy had prepared, and afterwards we sat around the fire for a while, talking. Bob decided to take a sponge-down and go to bed early. I made myself comfortable in my usual position, leaning well back in my camp stool with my feet on a log, soles to the fire, and dozed off. In the background I vaguely heard the Americans arguing about going to bed. He would say that he was tired and had travelled all day, and she would reply that she had been sitting around camp doing nothing all day, and did not feel like going to bed at all.

In The Glow Of A Camp-fire

I think he must have gone off to his tent alone in a huff, because I was awakened by her face close to mine. "George, you're not being very gallant, you know," she said softly. "Won't you talk to me?"

I apologized and said I did not know that her husband had retired. I moved my chair closer to hers, and we sat there talking quietly together. Out of the corner of my eye I could see the American's tent-flap open slowly and the glow of the fire reflect his shiny face peeping through at us.

Anyone looking at us from a distance and not knowing what we were talking about, would have thought that we were planning to run away together at dawn, and I suppose the American thought exactly that. His wife put a cigarette between her lips and I leaned forward and took a burning stick out of the fire and lit it for her. She cupped her hands over mine to keep them steady, and just then her husband burst out of the tent.

"Will you come to bed now and stop that nonsense?" he shouted furiously.

"What nonsense?" she asked, equally angry.

He made no reply; he just stood there, glaring at her. She looked up at him with the firelight playing on her pretty face. Slowly, measuring each word as if it cost her money, she said: "You can go to hell. Go to bed yourself. I'll come in when I feel like it."

With that, he turned and stalked into the tent. I tried to persuade her to turn in, but now she was determined she would sit out there and freeze rather than admit defeat. I felt that I couldn't leave her sitting out there alone, and just dozed away in my chair. When I woke up it was about 2 a.m., and the soles of my shoes were burning. She had gone to bed. . . .

Row Over An Old Felt Hat

While Bob was away collecting the spare parts for the jeep, the American and I had often taken walks together, and on these walks he would tell me all about himself, his work, his sport, even the fact that his present wife was his third.

"Don't you think she's beautiful?" he'd ask and, without giving me time to reply, he would go on to say: "Although I am much older than she is, she loves me very much. Yes," he would remark, as a man does who has tried on several suits before finding one to his liking, "I had to get married three times before I found the right one."

The morning after the camp-fire quarrel, I took the jeep and went off with Bob and one of the boys to collect some big logs for the fire. When we returned, the Americans were having another argument, and she had my hat in her hand—an old felt thing with a piece of leopard-skin round the crown. As I came up the husband turned to me and said that his wife wanted to take my hat back to America with her.

"Well," I replied, "if you want to have a

"The best shoot we ever had," wrote Prince Radziwill (left) after this successful end to a safari. With him, from left to right, are George Michael, Colonel Davis, and Counts Cienski and Franco

hat like that, I can very easily get you one."

No. She wanted *my* hat.

"You see, she wants *your* hat. Now why should she want *your* hat?" the American asked nastily. I said I did not know, but to save any more argument I would take my hat myself, and so nobody else would have it.

With that she turned on him. "You see what you've done now? When you get back to New York you can start looking for your seventh wife." The next day, after everything had blown over, he admitted to me that he had been married six times—but he had not had the courage to tell me.

The headman of this area came to see us that morning and asked if we would shoot a wildebeest for him. As the American had not shot anything yet, we thought this would be a fine opportunity. The headman said he would give us a boy who knew where the wildebeest were, and in an hour we spotted a herd.

The country was very flat and open, without any cover at all, so the only way we could approach the herd close enough to chance a shot was to chase them in the jeep. Such was their fear of strangers that we were more than eight hundred yards away from them when they started to run. I gave the jeep full throttle.

Choked And Blinded By Dust

We were bumping along at about thirty miles an hour, hurtling over ant-bear holes and logs and taking everything in our stride. The American was hanging on for dear life, one hand holding the top of the windscreen and the other gripping his rifle. By now we were not more than 150 yards from the hindermost of the herd, and we were almost choked and blinded by the dust and sand thrown up from their hooves.

I turned round to the American to tell him to be ready to shoot, and what I saw almost drove me into hysterics. His false teeth had shaken out of place and were protruding from his mouth. He was hanging on to the leaping jeep with one hand, and at the same time tried to push his teeth into his mouth and hold his rifle with the other. He had lost his hat, and his hair was dishevelled and down over his bloodshot, dust-filled eyes. He tried to speak to me, but he was scared to open his mouth for fear of losing his teeth. All he could make were animal noises. I indicated, between my bursts of laughter, that I was going to make a sudden stop.

I pulled up and he nearly went over the windscreen. He scrambled out of the jeep, threw his rifle up to his shoulder and fired. That was too much. With the jolt of the shot, the teeth went flying out. Fortunately they fell into the soft sand and were retrieved undamaged. He shot his wildebeest all right, and that night, round the camp-fire, we heard of nothing else.

Returned With Compliments

We had one more attempt at lions, but without any luck. There just were none around, so we decided to give them best, and a few days later we were back in Pretoria. When we arrived at my house he was extremely abrupt and would not even accept a drink or a cup of tea. We went straight into my study and he paid me for the trip and left us.

Next day, he called to see Bob and told him that he was very disappointed in me because I had guaranteed him a lion. Bob said he couldn't understand this. "I have never known George guarantee anybody *anything*," he said.

Later, he told me how the American felt, so I returned my share of our fee to him with my compliments. I wrote and told him that if he was an example of the type of sportsmen they turned out in America he had better go back home and stay there. He replied with a rather apologetic letter to Bob (but not to me), and enclosed the money I had returned.

That story gives some idea what happens when you take people you don't know into the bush. They may turn out fine or they may not; it is a chance every safari hunter takes.

In contrast, there was another trip Bob and I made—with a prince and two counts. I was asked to conduct this safari by Count Franco, at that time Italian chargé d'affaires, who was bringing along with him two Polish friends, Prince Radziwill and Count Cienski. These three men were serious hunters, not middle-aged tourists out for a thrill. Bob and I thought it would be fun to go on a shoot with them, for such people do not often come our way in Pretoria and we were interested to see how they would stand up to the rough going.

Our destination was the farm of some friends of mine on the Sabie River, where I had been given permission to shoot. We reached it in the late afternoon and pitched two tents—a large one for our clients, and a smaller one for myself, Bob, and Colonel John Davis, an American friend I had invited along as my guest. Soon we were all comfortably seated in our chairs round a roaring log fire, whisky glasses in our hands, at peace with the world.

After a dinner of grilled steak, really well done, we sat back smoking our pipes and talking about the sport that we hoped to have. Such are the best of all times the hunter knows. To be at peace under the open sky, listening to the sounds of the African bush, the croaking of the frogs, the chirping of the beetles and the crickets, the drone of the tiny flying insects, and to hear in the distance the faint, thin howl of the hyenas or the nearer jackal chorus; to be thus a part of the scene is living, I am convinced, as God meant a man to live.

Voice Of The King Of Beasts

Conversation dwindles to an occasional question and answer, and we sit in our chairs round the fire, watching its red, warm heart. Now and then there is a crackle, and a shower of sparks soars up as a log burns through and collapses, and someone leans forward and adds more wood to the blaze. Then someone holds up his hand and turns his head on one side and says, sharply, "Listen!" And from the wide arc of darkness comes the characteristic grunt of the king of beasts, and you nod and answer his unspoken question. A lion.

Next morning, when the first red streaks of dawn were weaving themselves into the sky, I was up and waking the others. "Hallo, there! Time to get going," I called, and soon there came sounds from the two tents; grunts and stretchings and voices asking what time it was.

When Count Cienski appeared I could hardly believe my eyes. He was wearing the most extraordinary hunting outfit I had ever seen. On his head was a cone-shaped Tyrolean hat with a feather from a woodcock's tail stuck in the back, so that the tip dangled right over his forehead, and every time he moved the feather jumped up and down like a puppet on a string. He wore a heavy stag-skin, three-quarter length coat with fur round the collar and cuffs; round his waist a broad leather belt into which he had fixed a short stabbing bayonet. A folding telescope was slung by a thong round his neck. Over his arm he carried his 350 Rigby with telescopic sight, and in his other hand a long cleft stick, which I learned was to be used as his rifle-rest when he shot. This is the way hunters dressed in Europe, he told me afterwards, and apparently each item he carried was necessary.

The Count Goes Hunting

The previous night we had agreed to hunt in three separate parties; I was to take Count Cienski. He wanted to shoot an impala that morning, so we set off in search of them. After about half an hour's walking we came across a herd. The old count took out his telescope and started pulling and heaving at it until it seemed that it was almost four feet long. Then he clapped it to his eye and started to look for the biggest beast.

There were no big rams in this herd, so we left them alone and went in search of the next bunch, the Count saying all the time, "If I am shotting an impala, I *must* shot a bigger one than the Prince shots." We eventually came across five or six lovely big rams standing together. I had a quick look at them and chose the one for the Count to shoot.

He was really a beauty, with a fine pair of horns, and he was close by, but the Count had to take out his telescope and focus it before he would shoot. At the same time he kept asking: "Is he good? Must I shotting?"

I said: "Yes, shotting. Hurry, shotting."

This is where the Count's cleft stick came

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Benger's Food

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into play. He rested his rifle in the fork of the stick and began to take aim. Then he discovered that the stick was a little too high. While he was making the necessary adjustments there was a snort from the impala and off they went, leaping ten or twelve feet in the air as they ran. About two hundred yards away they stood still again, presenting a good open shot. I whispered quickly to the Count to throw his stick away and shoot without it. He put the rifle to his shoulder, took steady aim and dropped the biggest of the rams in his tracks—a perfect shot. I discovered later that Count Cienski was in fact one of the neatest and best shots I had seen for a long time. I must add that, after the second day, he discarded all his Ruritanian paraphernalia and dressed as we did in khaki shirt and trousers.

I have a letter from Prince Radziwill and both the counts, saying that this was the best shoot they had ever had, and that they were going to recommend us to their friends. I was glad they enjoyed themselves. It is not every day that we meet such a fine bunch of chaps.

Not Easy Money

The man who makes his living by taking out hunting safaris must be more than just a hunter; he must be all things to all men, a mixture of Jeeves and the Admirable Crichton. I have had quite a lot of experience of conducting groups of would-be hunters, and I have never found any party that has acted in the same way as any other. They are all different, and although I charge up to £100 a week for each person on these trips, there are easier and happier ways of earning money.

A hundred pounds a week for each person in a trip—and four or five people at a time may come along with me—sounds a lot of money, but it is not all profit. First of all, the safari hunter has to have the equipment necessary to carry out a safari. This means that he must have a truck or jeep that is always in tip-top condition. In addition to the overheads on the vehicles—which are heavy—he has to pay the camp servants and supply food, beds and camping equipment.

But conducting wealthy clients on safari is only a part of my work. Often I am called in by African chiefs to destroy elephant herds or lions that have been terrorizing tribal villages.

I have already told of the elephant hunt I made in Bechuanaland. Shortly after this, Pethu, the blind chief at Malinare, wrote to me, saying that he was going to ask the authorities to let me come up and destroy some other elephants that had started breaking down native villages and destroying crops. I replied that I would be very pleased to come, and a week later I was seated in the old chief's hut, listening to his condemnation of the elephants.

A Pang Of Pity

He argued that it was impossible to expect the locals to expand their agricultural activities, increase their population and spread their towns and villages over greater areas, and still retain the wild life. "No, sir," he said in his almost perfect English, "we cannot have the two together, and if the government values the lives of my people above that of the animals, then the animals must be destroyed."

Very logical and true; since then, bearing this in mind, I have never felt so bad when I killed an elephant. Whenever I kill, I feel a pang of pity because I am taking a life that is not mine to give or take, and for me the excitement of hunting is not in killing but in the chase.

The chief had selected a very comfortable camping-site for us under an umbrella-shaped thorn tree just across the Maklautsi River, a dry river-bed about two hundred yards wide.

We made this camp our headquarters, and our plan was to pack our jeep with enough food to enable us to stay away from the main camp for three or four days while we were out in search of the herd. The next morning we were ready to leave, and had with us again Seletso and Kapano, two of the best trackers I have ever met.

I also had with me as a guest an American friend, Colonel Harshbarger—known as "Turk"—and John Kennard,, who had helped to photograph my film, which, like my book, is called *African Fury*.

We travelled parallel with the river, all the while looking for the spot where the elephants might have crossed so that we would have a fresh spoor to follow; but luck was not with us that day.

We made camp at night on a small hill, and soon the odour of coffee and the smell of grilled meat filled the air. It was a pitch-black night. No moon was shining, but the myriads of stars in the dark African sky glittered like pinpricks in the floor of Heaven, and cast a mellow, magic light over the veldt beneath. The sounds around us made our skins tingle with excitement. We heard the roar of lions in the distance, and the barking of a pack of wild dogs chasing their unfortunate and hopeless prey—sounds which, once heard, are never forgotten.

I had been asleep for what seemed only ten minutes when I felt my arm being shaken, and I heard Turk whisper: "George, I think the elephants are just below us."

I sat up in my bed-roll to listen, and saw Seletso, Kapano and Kennard silhouetted against the starry sky, standing motionless, listening, like highly trained gun-dogs on a point.

I heard the squeal of a young elephant and the blowing and grumbling noises made by bigger bulls and cows. Seletso came close to me with his big white teeth gleaming in a grin. "Sir, I think there are four or five elephants," he said.

Eagle-eyed Men

After listening for a few seconds I nodded in agreement. We listened for a while longer, and as suddenly and as silently as the elephants had appeared so they vanished into the night. I looked at my luminous watch: it was exactly three o'clock. We decided to follow them as soon as it became light.

At five o'clock I called the party together and gave each his instructions.

The most important members of all hunting parties and safaris are the trackers, the sharp-eared, eagle-eyed men who follow the almost invisible tracks the beasts leave behind them. So Seletso and Kapano took the lead. I came next, with Turk behind me, and Kennard was told to keep thirty or forty yards behind us, so that when any action took place he would be in a position to photograph the whole scene.

I also told Turk that if the herd stampeded in our direction and we were in open country without any shelter, then he was to pick out the elephant that was coming straight at him, hold his fire until it was within fifteen to twenty yards, kill it with a frontal brain shot, and run up and

Bessie Braddock, M.P.

A frank profile by JOHN ENNIS

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

"And why shouldn't I read it? It happens to be for *me*"

drop down behind it himself. From this position he would be reasonably safe from the rest of the herd, and would be able to shoot from behind the cover of the dead elephant. Judging by the expression on Turk's face, I feel sure that he thought I was joking, but he was to find out that it was good advice. As soon as everyone knew his part in the proceedings we set off in single file after the elephants.

I could see the spoor of the great beasts quite plainly in the red, sandy ground. Seletso and Kapano were now following it rapidly like a couple of beagles after a wounded buck. The pace they kept up was terrific, except where the ground was hard and the spoor difficult to follow, but always a glance at a pushed-over tree, a broken branch, or even a bent blade of grass, kept us hot on the trail. The sun had now climbed up into the sky, and with every few steps beads of perspiration would drop in the red sand or run down our necks and foreheads and into our eyes.

The spoor grew fresher and plainer. The elephants were evidently feeding leisurely as they went along. I stopped to observe the freshly broken branches and the gashes on the barks of the trees made by the tusks. The gum was still oozing out of many of these bark wounds, and here and there an entire tree was uprooted and its tender roots and shoots broken off. We were close behind them. The joy and excitement of the hunt was in my heart and veins.

Cool As Could Be

I beckoned to Turk and whispered: "You take the first shot. Now, remember, if the elephant's standing broadside on to you, shoot between the eye and the earhole. If it's facing you, shoot between the eyes and just above them. And—take it easy."

He was as cool as could be. "Okay," he nodded.

We went ahead more cautiously. Seletso and Kapano were on either side of me, with Turk right behind me. Kapano had just lifted one foot to put it down again when he heard something and paused, his foot suspended in the air and his head forward and turned slightly in the direction from which the sound had come.

We listened for a few seconds, but heard nothing. Very slowly we stalked ahead again. Then we all heard it: a deep rumble and a faint splash.

Seletso and I saw them at the same moment. Three elephants were standing knee-deep in a mud-pool, surrounded by mopani trees. They stood there, squirting mud over themselves and letting out squeals of delight, their huge ears flapping. A cow stood facing us and the other two were behind her.

I beckoned to Turk and, without looking round or taking my eyes off the beasts, pointed to the elephant facing us and indicated that he should shoot her between the eyes. He took aim and fired.

Just for a second, the huge beasts seemed to be frozen to the spot as though stuck in the mud. Then, with a speed that one can hardly imagine, all three lumbered out of the pool and made for the bush and away from us. Overhead, birds were screaming out of the trees at the noise.

I lifted my 10.75 and squeezed the trigger. The bull dropped as though he had been pole-axed. I shouted to Turk to put another shot into his elephant, which was now going flat out. His rifle cracked again. I heard the bullet strike on the hide of the beast, but she kept going.

Sixty-pound Tusks

The bush just closed up behind the escaping elephants, and then, in a few seconds, it was as though they had never been.

"What the hell happened? Why didn't she drop? I shot her where you told me to," said Turk, aggrieved, as we walked up to the bull I had killed.

"I think you must have hit her a bit low," I said. "But I'm sure we'll get her. Don't worry."

We examined the bull I had shot and found him to be a fair-sized tusker carrying about sixty pounds a side. He had been running away at an angle from me and I had shot him behind the ear; the bullet had penetrated the brain and killed him instantly.

We now had the job of following the wounded cow elephant. The spoor was easy to follow. Here and there we would find blood splattered on leaves, or bits of mud scraped off the elephant's back against the tree-trunks. After about forty-five minutes of hard going I noticed that the cow had slackened her pace to a slow walk. We could see where she had stopped and walked around in circles and then carried on again. We were very close. I could smell elephant everywhere.

Suddenly she appeared in front of us, white tusks running red with blood. For a moment the great beast stood there, her huge head rocking from side to side, then she crashed to the ground without another shot being fired. After a few kicks her hind legs stiffened and she died.

Eleven o'clock the next morning we were back in our main camp. We told Chief Pethu we had got two elephants, and asked him to send a few boys out to collect the tusks and the feet. He said that he had been given information that a big herd had been causing a lot of damage in an area thirty miles west of our main camp, and if we went up right away we might be lucky and find the herd still there. We set off at once.

Seletso knew this area, and by 4.30 that same day we arrived at another beautiful camping spot near a dry river-bed. After the camp had been set up, Seletso discovered some very

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fresh spoor nearby, maybe only a few hours old.

Seletso was quite certain that the beasts were making for a water-hole he knew about twelve miles away. "Tomorrow," he said, "we don't follow the spoor, sir, we go straight to the water. I'm sure the elephants will stay there a long time because they have many small ones with them."

We set out from camp the next morning at four thirty. By eight o'clock we reached the water-hole. Seletso was right; the elephants had been there, and had left only a few hours before we arrived.

Their spoor was easy to follow. The herd must have been forty or fifty strong, and they left behind them so many signs that we could follow them up almost at a run.

In a hour we knew we were nearly up with the herd. We now started coming into very stunted mopani, and it was difficult to find a tree higher than five feet. As we were in open country, with little protection from trees and bush, we became doubly careful. If the herd scented us or heard us they would be off instantly.

"I think that's them, sir," said Kapano on my left. We all strained our eyes, and sure enough we could see the herd about five hundred yards away. Again I gave last-minute instructions and, doubled up with our chins almost on our knees, we went on into the wind towards the elephants.

"You Must Shoot Now"

They stood there, noisily uprooting trees and breaking branches, tearing up clumps of grass by the trunkful. The old ones trumpeted, and the young ones squealed and pushed each other around, running in under their mothers, first this side and then that.

When we were within sixty yards of the herd, Seletso whispered, "Sir, you are going too close. There are many elephant. You must shoot now."

I winked at Turk and whispered, "Come on, I'm getting closer—I want to give Kennard a chance to get some really good shots."

Turk came up behind me, but Seletso kept on tugging at my sleeve and whispering something that I could not hear. We were now within fifty yards of the herd, and the big bull stood facing us with his ears wide open like two blankets waving in the wind. This was it: I must not wait any longer.

I let Turk have the first shot. The bull dropped as Turk's .375 tore into his brain. Then there was pandemonium.

Two elephants came tearing straight at us. I dropped one about ten yards in front of me and ran up behind it, and from that position emptied my magazine at the stampeding herd. They had split up on each side of the elephant behind which Turk and I were crouching back to back. He was firing at one half of the herd and I at the other. I found out later that Kennard and the two boys had crouched behind a tiny mopani clump and some of the elephants had come within twenty yards of them.

We surveyed the battlefield. Nine elephants in a matter of twenty seconds. A couple of them were not quite dead, so we finished them off with brain shots.

Dozens of natives from a nearby village who had heard the shooting and the trumpeting came at a run and stood there dumbfounded at what they saw. Soon the women, men and children would be carving up the huge beasts, crawling inside the enormous stomachs and fighting like demons over the hearts and livers, stepping out of the carcasses covered in blood and muck from head to foot.

We told the locals to remove all the tusks and all the front feet and bring them to us where we had the jeep parked.

Early next afternoon they arrived in single file with eighteen tusks and eighteen feet, and I realized that day what a jeep could do. We loaded all our equipment, all the tusks and feet and five men on to it, and arrived at our main camp that evening without even a broken spring.

Chief Pethu was delighted when he heard the news; the whole village hummed with it. He wanted us to shoot a few more, but I felt we had taught the herd a good lesson, and the elephants which had escaped would certainly think twice before returning. The next morning, amid cheering and the waving of hundreds of relieved and delighted natives, we left for Pretoria.

NEXT WEEK: George Michael tells of an exciting duel with a pride of lions

Consider your verdict

by
RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

FRANK and Mary were married on a Saturday at the church opposite the Bull Inn, one of the oldest and most picturesque in the county. Naturally, Mary's parents arranged to have the reception at the inn, and booked two private rooms on the first floor.

"Our licensing hours are from 6 p.m. to 11 p.m.," said the proprietor when he concluded the arrangements. "I'll expect about eighty guests, then."

Among the guests was Reginald Peat, who was fond of his food and drink. At the reception he did full justice to the buffet and champagne. Turning from the table, he bumped into two old friends, and they were soon noisily reminiscing.

Their joking and yarn-swapping became louder as the champagne in the bottles diminished. After much loud singing and stamping of feet, they were beginning their old school song when Peat looked up—into the stern face of a policeman.

The officer asked the three men to step round to the police station and, half an hour later, they were solemnly charged with being "drunk on licensed premises."

Peat glared blearily at the station sergeant. "Rubbish," he said. "We were in private rooms, not a bar." But, in court, he heard the police say that the inn was a licensed house, that licensing hours were in force, and that Peat and his friends were drunk at the inn.

Peat elaborated his argument. "The public had no access to the private rooms where the reception was being held," he said. "We could not have been on licensed premises, like the rest of the inn, at the relevant time. My friends and I cannot possibly be guilty."

What is your verdict? For the court's decision, turn to page 28

FORGERS FEAR THE MICROSCOPE MAN

Continued from page 11

was the evidence the woman needed.

"Some people imagine that they can easily get away with converting an 'eight' into 'eighty,'" says Rhodes. "They are wrong." It is very difficult, he explains, to match an ink stroke once it has dried and begun to age. When ink dries on paper it becomes slowly oxidized in contact with the air, so that added alterations can be detected in micro-chemical tests by comparing the degree of oxidization of adjoining strokes.

In a micro-chemical test the document must not be visibly marked. Once, when Rhodes was giving evidence in court on ink tests he had made on a rent book, the judge suddenly interrupted: "You say you have performed chemical tests on this paper. I see no signs of it."

"My lord, if you did, I would not have done my job properly," was Rhodes's reply. He works with infinitesimal drops of reagent, applied with a fine glass hair, studying the reaction through powerful magnifying glasses. But he has been known to discard his laborious tests to give a snap answer on a document's validity.

Asked to attest the genuineness of a manuscript in the alleged handwriting of an eighteenth-century poet, he turned his microscope on the paper and found traces of "chemical wood"—which was not used until the late nineteenth century.

During the war, Rhodes worked on the technical examination of all kinds of suspected documents. Part of the job involved the detection of secret writing between the lines of seemingly innocent letters. Spies used to use invisible or sympathetic inks that are colourless in themselves, but which show up clearly on being treated with proper reagents.

One day a British chemist hit on the novel idea of using blood as an invisible ink—blood so highly diluted as to be colourless, but for which he had produced a satisfactory reagent. Then it occurred to document examiners that the Germans might have thought of the same thing. They had; a letter from Portugal treated with a blood reagent suddenly disclosed a secret code message. This led to the capture of several spies.

Forgery is usually done by men, but perhaps the finest forger of Rhodes's experience was a young woman from a distinguished family, whose talents were used by the intelligence services during the war. When messages from German agents were intercepted, she would often be called upon to forge bogus ones to fox the enemy.

Henry Taylor Fowkes Rhodes was born in London in 1892. He finished his education at the University of Lyons, where he took a chemistry degree and a course in forensic science. Specializing in documents, he worked in the Lyons Technical Police laboratories to gain experience. Backed by this, he started on his own in 1931. Now there are only five other document examiners in practice in London today. All charge about the same fees—twenty guineas and upwards for each case.

Rhodes's first client was Richard Edgecumbe, a well-known authority on Byron. Edgecumbe was collecting evidence in support of a theory that Byron was the father of the child of Mary Chaworth, his first love, who married John Musters. Two lines of a letter from Mary Chaworth to the poet had been heavily scored out, and these Rhodes was asked to reveal.

It was a tricky job, as the overlying ink had to be bleached without affecting the writing beneath. He worked carefully while Edgecumbe waited with growing excitement for Mary Chaworth's secret, which somebody, presumably Byron, had tried to hide from posterity. Slowly, Rhodes uncovered the words: "I have only now been able to forward word of our bond of affection." Whatever Mary meant is anybody's guess, but to Rhodes her words recall his first satisfied customer.

Most of Rhodes's work is on anonymous letters, from which he feels he has been able to learn something of the mentality of the people who write them. "I've exhausted my capacity for surprises," he says. "Almost every case is unique."

A year ago a woman of forty-five received a series of letters accusing her of having an affair with the vicar. Shown them, he spoke bitter words from the pulpit, but every time he and the woman met she received yet another letter denouncing "immorality." Several worthy parishioners were under suspicion before Rhodes was called in. "They were thunderstruck," he says, "when the writer of the letters turned out to be the very woman to whom they had been addressed."

THE END

THE GENTLE KILLER

Continued from page 15

Kidderminster. Lawyers, papers, red tape—messy stuff, you know."

The door slid open. "Tickets, please."

Both men began to produce their tickets.

"You're not permitted to smoke in here, sir," the ticket inspector said.

"Oh. Oh, how stupid of me," Devry said. "I didn't realize this was a non-smoker." And he put out the butt with great vigour on the floor.

Bellingham took his punched ticket from the ticket inspector and looked across at Devry for a moment. What a bother, he thought. Then he leaned back and closed his eyes.

Bellingham's sleep came quickly, but was not dreamless. Fragments of the past forty-eight hours sifted in and out of memories of thirty bygone years of experience.

During a period in which he served as representative of a British import company in Shanghai, a Manchu named Chu Yick had made a hostage of him. Bellingham had refused to write a ransom note, and had discovered that the bandit leader was able to present graphic arguments against this stubbornness; now, as Bellingham napped, he dreamed of the detached fingers of certain members of Chu's entourage which were shown to him in a little box. He was properly nauseated by the demonstration, but still refused to write the note.

One night Chu Yick had Bellingham brought to a sumptuous feast in his private dining-room. The Manchu looked up from his oxtail soup and across the table at Bellingham. "What would you say," he asked, "if I told you that you were going to be shot immediately after the brandy and cigars?" And he removed his Luger from his holster and placed it on the table.

Bellingham picked up the pepper-mill before him. He adjusted the top screw to its finest grind. This done, he ground out a hill of small grains into the palm of his hand as though to season his soup, shrugged his shoulders, and casually blew the pepper into Chu's eyes. The bandit screamed with pain, and as he sprang out of his chair, Bellingham seized the Luger and shot him through the heart. Chu Yick dropped to the floor, dead, and in the confusion that followed, Bellingham made his escape. . . .

DEVRY was reading a newspaper and, as Bellingham's eyes came open, he said: "Well. Did you have a good nap?"

Bellingham looked with blinking eyes out of the window. "Where are we?" he said softly.

"We just passed Charlbury. I've been reading your newspaper. I hope you don't mind."

"Of course not," Bellingham said.

And with a frowning look back at the newspaper, Devry asked: "How do they say this chap's name—the one they just knocked off in Ankara?"

"Ankara?" Bellingham repeated.

"H-a-k-e-t-e. Hackeet?"

Bellingham, after a pause, told him: "Hocketty."

Devry, his eyes still fastened to the newspaper, went on: "Some sort of trouble-maker, wasn't he?"

"I suppose."

Devry cocked his head and read aloud: "'Unofficial opinion points to Hakete's death as the result of a carefully laid trap. There was no sign of a struggle, indicating that he sat in total unawareness of his assassin's intention until the instant he was shot—with a point three-two calibre automatic, probably with a silencer attached.'" Devry looked up. "Who could have got that close to a man like Hakete?"

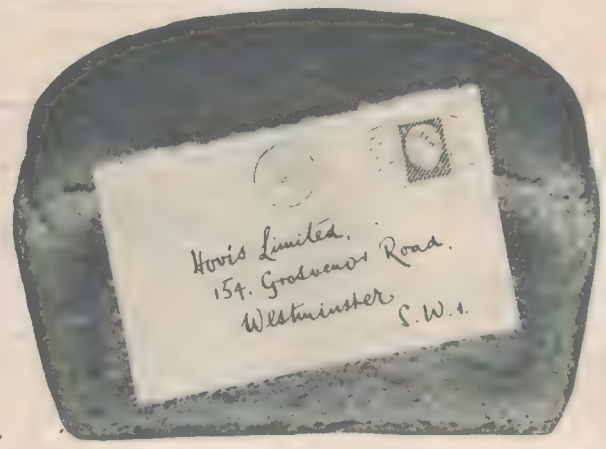
Bellingham smiled inwardly. "A person he would least suspect of wanting to kill him."

"He seems to have been completely duped—probably because he misjudged someone's character. That happens all the time."

"Does it?"

"Of course," Devry replied with

Readers Write . . .



Last autumn, when people were given back the right to eat the kind of loaf they liked best, a lot was said about the relative merits of different sorts of bread. It isn't easy to sit silent and listen to your own pet subject being discussed, and so we had a shot at settling the argument by publishing the facts and letting people sort them out for themselves. As our postman would tell you, this 'plain man's guide to bread' of ours brought an astonishing response from readers, some approving, some frankly critical, some downright rude. Here are a few of them:

HOCUS-POCUS?

What a pity you have fallen for the temptation of joining the squabble about food values, vitamins, and all the other hocus-pocus scientists serve up nowadays instead of food. There's a good deal of truth in the old saying 'A little of what you fancy does you good'. I eat a lot of your bread, as a matter of fact—but only because I like it.

MR. A. F. J., SALTASH

DOESN'T LIKE IT

The dietitians seem to know what's good for me but they don't seem to care what I like. I liked your advertisement, but unfortunately I'm not very fond of your bread. . . .

MR. F. B., DARTFORD

We refuse to be drawn into an argument with either of these readers about the merits (or otherwise) of scientific diet. We won't even quarrel with Mr. F. B., who doesn't like Hovis. It would be a dull world if everybody had the same tastes, and we happen to know that thousands eat our bread for its taste alone. One said: 'It's so good you can eat it without butter or jam.'

WHO PAYS?

I found your statement about bread very interesting, but I notice you kept off the subject of price! For the price of a small Hovis I can buy from my baker a wholemeal loaf twice the size.

MRS. J. F., LIGHTCLIFFE

We are tempted to say to Mrs. J. F. that a penny is two and a half times as big as a sixpence, but we know which she would rather have. More seriously, though, we think she may be confusing *true wholemeal* (which sells at about the same price as Hovis) with *wheatmeal*, the government subsidized National Brown. We agree with Mrs. J. F. that this is certainly a good buy at the subsidized price, provided she doesn't expect too much.

Wheatmeal bread varies from place to place; but if it conforms to the official minimum standard it probably has in it about 20% of what in the trade is called 'fine millers offal' which gives the bread its colour, and is unlikely to contain more than 2% of wheat germ.

For the price of that small Hovis, Mrs. J. F., you get something like 8 times as much wheat germ.

ARITHMETIC

I read your advertisement 'Bread is our staple food' in a magazine of my wife's, and I'm with you all the way about wheat germ being good stuff. Haven't you slipped up a bit on your arithmetic, though? So far as I can see you're saying that there's no bran in Hovis flour (I agree there, too, because bran doesn't happen to agree with me!) but it contains 'many times' the natural amount of wheat germ. You can't surely, get more out of the wheat than it had in it originally?

MR. J. P., LONDON, S.W.2

Quite right, Mr. J. P., Hovis contains no bran. You are not the only one who finds that bran doesn't agree with you. You're right, too, when you say we can't take more out of the wheat grain than nature put into it. But, luckily wheat germ can be bought from other millers and from overseas to make up the larger-than-life-sized quantity of wheat germ in Hovis. Do we pass the arithmetic exam, sir?

KEEPING THE DUST OUT

Though I am naturally concerned with what goes into the bread I give my family I am equally concerned about *what gets on to the loaf* during its journey from the oven to my table. If only I could get Hovis wrapped and sliced. . . .

MRS. B. B., FELIXSTOWE

This was written some months ago, of course. At the time we told Mrs. B. B. that more and more bakers were beginning to offer wrapped and sliced Hovis. We'd be surprised if she has any difficulty in getting it now.

There, then, are just a few of the many letters we had. We should like to thank the many who took the trouble to write, and to show that they give serious thought to what is, after all, a very important article of diet. At risk of being tedious, we repeat what we said before: whatever your choice, remember that bread is a staple part of your diet—choose carefully.

Hovis Limited JANUARY, 1954

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Of course you don't want a nasty taste (and bad breath) on waking. For successful attack on breath and body odours, *Chloro-Yeast*, with its water-soluble CHLOROPHYLL-*Chlorophyllin* content is recommended. Note that Chloro-Yeast is compounded with vitamin-renowned YEAST, plus tonics, analgesics and a "regulator" in effective balance.

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- Offers quick pick-me-up LIFT—added zest and energy (Out with Staleness—In with Sparkle).
- Relief from such aches and pains as go with neuralgia and headache; and some "rheumatic twinges."
- An end to needless attacks of lethargy, depression, sluggishness, "nerviness," irritability, etc.

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GUARANTEE: *Chloro-Yeast assures more efficient purifying, pick-me-up and internal deodorising action than any single form of chlorophyll, any single form of yeast, or any other combination of those two.*

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CROOKES HALIBUT OIL

affable conviction. "Take here and now. You and I—sitting here, neither of us with a single fact concerning the other. And yet I'll bet we've both drawn conclusions about each other."

"Very general ones, I'm sure. Don't ever trust them."

Devry smiled, and with unlooked-for directness he said: "What are yours about me?"

For the first time, Bellingham felt slightly irritated. "Well, really. . . ."

"Just for the sake of passing time. It will take our minds off the ride."

"Do you really want to know?" Bellingham said.

"Yes."

Bellingham waited, seemed to be measuring Devry with a parental eye for discipline in line with a not-too-serious offence. Then he said: "All right. I think you're a silly young man who has been bothering me with a lot of meaningless chatter, probably because you've been spoiled most of your life by money, glitter and too many frivolous people, and aren't able to face the quiet and solitude of your own mind for any length of time. Either that, or you're a complete rogue who is—for reasons known only to you—trying to lull me into a state of defencelessness."

Devry was amused, or pretended to be. Good-naturedly, he said: "Wonderful. Sorry my judgment of you doesn't have such colour. Have you got a family?"

"No," Bellingham said unhesitatingly.

"Then I'm wrong for the first part. But generally you seem to me a civilized, gentle soul, probably completely absorbed by a rose garden in Malvern and stuffy business affairs in London."

Bellingham smiled warmly. "You're absolutely correct," he said.

Devry's handsome face reflected some satisfaction. It was hard to say whether he was very silly or very smug. In any case, he was friendly, perhaps a little too much so, and Bellingham stood up.

"Will you excuse me?" he said.

Devry said: "Yes, of course," and Bellingham removed himself from the compartment.

As soon as the door closed, Devry began to rifle through Bellingham's belongings. He was very expert about it.

Bellingham's topcoat yielded only a small ticket or receipt slip. It seemed to puzzle Devry at first. Then he slipped it into his pocket. From the luggage rack he took down the valise and briefcase. Nothing in the valise proved interesting. The goloshes that were packed away to keep Bellingham's feet dry brought a smile to Devry's face. With deft fingers he replaced the contents of the valise, snapped it shut, and hoisted it to the baggage rack. Next, the briefcase. Devry unfastened it, slipped his hand inside, pulled out the automatic with the silencer mechanism still attached. He looked thoughtfully at the gun and gradually a sly glint came into his eyes. Then he quickly slipped the weapon back, shut the case, and was in the process of replacing it on the luggage rack when Bellingham re-entered the compartment.

Bellingham slid the door shut behind him and stared at the younger man, whose animation had become suddenly suspended.

"How awkward," Devry said. A sick smile crawled to his lips.

Bellingham said nothing.

Devry, recovering himself slowly, said, "You are not going to call the guard, are you?"

"It's a possibility," Bellingham answered.

Instantly Devry drew a nickel-plated .38 automatic from his jacket. "Don't," he said. He said it with quiet authority. And, real or fake, Bellingham obeyed.

"Do you mind?" Devry said courteously as he reached inside Bellingham's breast pocket. The envelope came out. "Well," he said, hefting it. "Heavy enough, isn't it?"

Then, with his teeth, he tore open the envelope which contained the £4,000. He pressed it by the narrow ends to make it billow and looked into it; he seemed quite impressed. He looked back at Bellingham, wide-eyed, pleased, a kind of conceit in his manner.

"Let's sit down, shall we?" he said. "There's no point in being uncomfortable."

"You're a common thief," Bellingham said, sitting down.

"I like to think of myself as uncommon. In any case, there's nothing common about you, is there? Quite a chunk from the looks of it."

In a sincere, even tone of voice, Bellingham said: "I worked hard for that money."

"Did you now?"

"I did."

"There'll be more for you, I'm sure."

BELLINGHAM looked away from him. "One doesn't grow younger, you know," he said, a wistful quality coming into his already hushed voice. "Opportunities occur less frequently as time goes by, and I've come to—old age—and its many accompanying factors"—he looked directly at Devry—"including the use of medicinal drugs." Wearily he reached into his pocket. "Do you mind?"

Devry alerted himself. "What is it?" he demanded quickly.

"Thiamine," Bellingham replied, bringing out a small, white box. "In powder form."

Devry relaxed and said: "Go right ahead."

Bellingham removed a powder from the box. "Physician's advice," he said, unfolding the paper. "I follow it to the letter."

"Very sound," commented Devry. "Don't you need water?"

Bellingham raised the paper to his mouth. "No," he answered. He blew sharply across the paper at Devry. The powdered substance flew into Devry's eyes; it blinded him. He sprang to his feet, clutching at his face in agony. "My eyes!" he screamed. "You've blinded me!"

His complaint had merit, but Bellingham was concerned only with the automatic which had fallen on the seat. While Devry did his tortured dance around the compartment, Bellingham retrieved it. "You'll be all right in a moment or two," he said.

Devry continued to stagger about and move back and forth compulsively in the small area, gasping and moaning in pain. For several moments it was as though violent motion itself brought him relief. "My eyes! My eyes!"

"There's no need for alarm. It's only table pepper." Such a simple device, he thought, so accessible and uncomplicated. Bellingham had Chu Yick to thank for much. "It will wear off in just a moment." Bellingham extended his pocket handkerchief. "Here. Use this."

Devry accepted it blindly.

They travelled in silence for a few minutes, Devry attending to his eyes and Bellingham calmly watching him.

"Well," Devry said at last. "What do you intend to do with me?"

"I could turn you over to the police."

"You could. But you won't."

"Won't I?"

"No."

Bellingham studied him for several moments. Devry's attitude was not subtle. Clearly, he had some hidden counterplot, and was waiting for Bellingham to fall victim to it. Bellingham decided not to do this, and Devry's hand was forced. After

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 26, the magistrates pointed out that when an inn is licensed, the licence applies to the whole of the premises. The reception rooms were part of the licensed premises, and the men had been drunk in those rooms; therefore, they were guilty.

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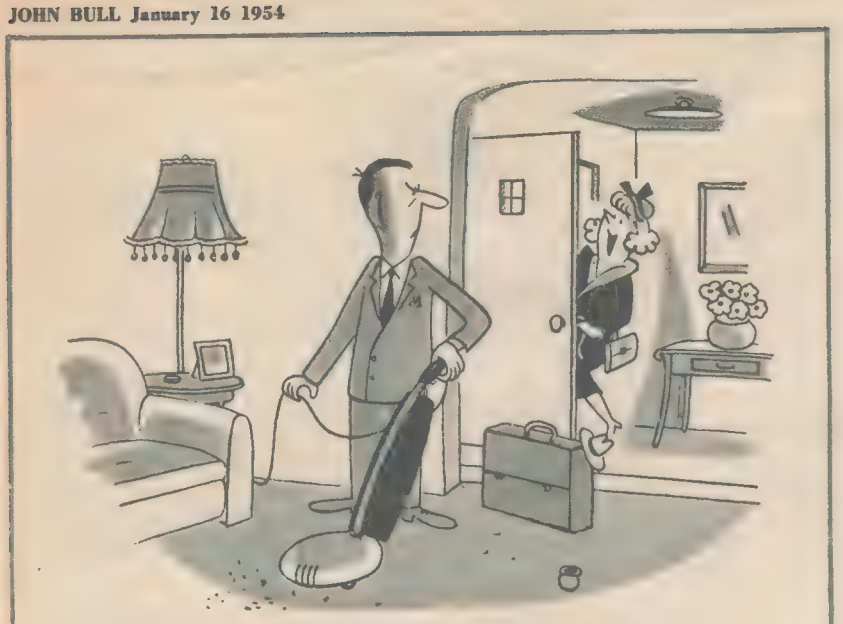

"Go ahead with the demonstration—
I've got some shopping to do . . ."

a silence, he said: "But let's not talk about it. I'd rather you told me what you thought of Ankara while you were there."

Bellingham, keeping the gun hidden on the window side of his body, said without a pause: "Did I say I'd been in Ankara?"

Devry produced the little ticket he'd taken from Bellingham's coat. "No," he said. "You distinctly said London. But this receipt slip says Ankara." He showed it to Bellingham.

Bellingham looked at the slip of paper and said nothing.

"And incidentally," Devry continued, very pleased with himself, "I left your gun *with* silencer in the briefcase, so you needn't worry about that."

"I'm afraid you're confused," Bellingham said.

"Fascinated is the word," Devry said. "And can you blame me? You see, I think you were the last man to see this Hakete fellow alive."

"That's very stupid of you," Bellingham said.

"I don't think it's stupid at all," Devry said, folding his arms across his chest. "And nor will the police."

"Ah, but it is," Bellingham insisted. "You're a liar. Up to this moment you didn't matter to me. You were almost amusing, as a matter of fact. But now, through the sheerest kind of wild guessing, you're a hazard—to me, and to others."

Devry's eyes narrowed. "What do you mean?"

"I'm going to kill you," Bellingham said simply.

DEVRY'S eyes became perfect circles of fear. "I didn't mean it," he said. "It was a shot in the dark."

"It found its mark, unfortunately."

"Listen." Devry licked his lips. "I won't say a word to anyone. I swear it. Give me a chance."

"What I do, I don't do out of vengeance or personal animosity." Bellingham glanced out of the window. They were nearing a station.

"Listen—please——"

"I think we should prepare to leave the train."

"Won't you just——"

"It won't stop for long, and I shouldn't want to miss getting back on."

"I won't do it. You can't make me. You've got to listen. . . ."

Bellingham pressed the gun against Devry's head. "I could shoot you here and call it self-defence, you know," he said. "And I would, but for the delay it would cause me."

Devry stood up slowly. "You enjoy it," he said. "You enjoy it, don't you?"

Bellingham slipped the automatic into his pocket. "Shall we?" he said, nodding towards the compartment door.

The wheel and track noise was greater in the corridor. Several passengers squeezed by them, going in both directions. Devry made no desperate moves. With his fine-looking topcoat over his arm, he preceded Bellingham towards the platform door at the end of the coach. The train was slowing down.

But it was not slowing down enough to suit Bellingham. For the first time in his life, he felt uncertain of what he was doing. Never before had he spent so much time with a target, never with a man who knew he was marked. That was it, perhaps—this man knew.

"Where are we going?" Devry asked.

"To the station washroom," Bellingham said.

ENJOY it? he thought. He was uneasy. Could it be possible? A blood lust?

Impatient at his unexpected emotion, Bellingham prodded Devry along the corridor. But the thought came back. Was it possible to have a blood lust without knowing it? he wondered—a blood lust disguised as something else, disguised and buried so deep that it was never seen for what it was? What a horrible thought! And what nonsense, too, he insisted to himself. I'm losing my grip.

The train stopped.

They moved from the carriage quickly, but without the obtrusiveness of haste. Bellingham set the pace. A few scattered passengers exchanged platform for train. Not one of them even looked at the two men. Devry's doom was assured. Despite this or, perhaps, because of it, Bellingham couldn't quite rid himself of his uneasiness. For the first time in his life he sensed peril from within rather than from outside himself. And this was like falling into a trap where one would least expect to find a trap—within his own well-ordered mind.

Nonsense, he thought again, setting his usually relaxed mouth in a hard line of determination. Must get this over with quickly. That's all. He reminded Devry of his vigilance with a touch of the concealed gun.

The station was small, pleasant and sunlit. Its washroom proved to be little more than a closet off the waiting-room. No one was about.

"What would you say if I told you I was not going to kill you?" he asked the younger man, once they were inside.

"What?" Devry gasped happily, a hint of hysteria in his voice. "Not kill me?"

"Don't turn round just yet," Bellingham warned.

"No, no, of course not. Anything you say."

"Calm yourself," Bellingham advised gently.

"Yes, yes, of course. Anything at all—anything."

Bellingham seemed all the while to

Why Mummy..

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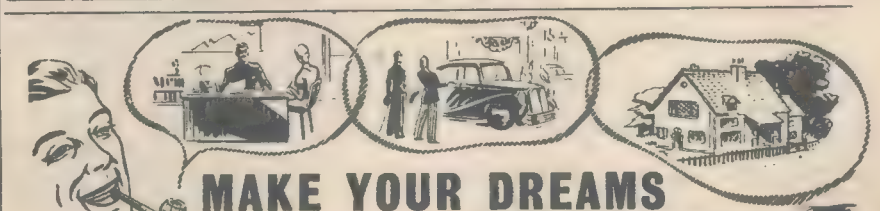

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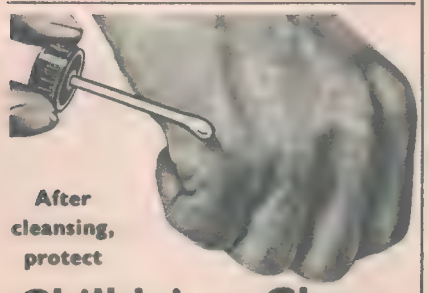

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be listening for something. Then, at the instant the train whistle emitted its prolonged warning blast of departure, Bellingham shot Devry through the back of the head.

The report of the .38 automatic wasn't loud enough to rise above a competing noise of any power. Devry fell dead on his face before the shrill blast had ended. He had caused no fuss in that final moment when Bellingham waited for the train whistle to cover the shot. He obviously died happy, believing that he was going to be spared. The device had served both men well. Bellingham pocketed the gun.

Now the train must be about to move, he thought. I'll reach the station platform just as it begins to pull away, but it will be moving slowly enough for me to board in safety. Once I am alone again, I will be able to think clearly, he told himself. Then he went out.

There were three men in the waiting-room—two of them were uniformed policemen, the other clearly a plain-clothes man. They all stared at him with painfully official neutrality. They stood between him and freedom. He heard the train chugging in preparation.

He returned the stare, hesitated but a fraction of a second, and smiled his wistful smile at them. "I'd best hurry," he commented, "or I'll miss my train."

The policeman in civilian clothes stepped into his path. "I'm afraid you will, sir," he said.

"I'm sorry," Bellingham said. "I don't understand."

"I'm Inspector Wickes, if names matter to you," the other explained.

"I'm about to miss my train," Bellingham said.

"Is Devry in there?"

"Devry?" Bellingham repeated uncomprehendingly.

ONE of the other men, a sergeant, went wordlessly to the washroom door. He had the answer very quickly. So had the inspector, who looked at Devry's body on the washroom floor with some surprise. "We didn't consider this a possibility," he said.

"Why'd you knock him off?" the sergeant asked, searching Bellingham and relieving him of Devry's gun.

Bellingham's lips parted, but nothing came out. His eyes swam helplessly; he felt the bitter humour of his situation.

"We've been tailing your friend Devry here for two days," the inspector went on. "We followed you from the train."

"My friend Devry?" Bellingham repeated, and nearly laughed.

"Hoping he would lead us to some of his colleagues."

"I'm not a colleague," Bellingham said quietly. He stared off into space and heard the engine chugging in the distance now. He had missed his train.

"Care to tell us about this?"

"No, I would not," he answered.

"Do you deny killing Devry?"

"I couldn't very well, could I?" Bellingham said, weighing the facts quickly.

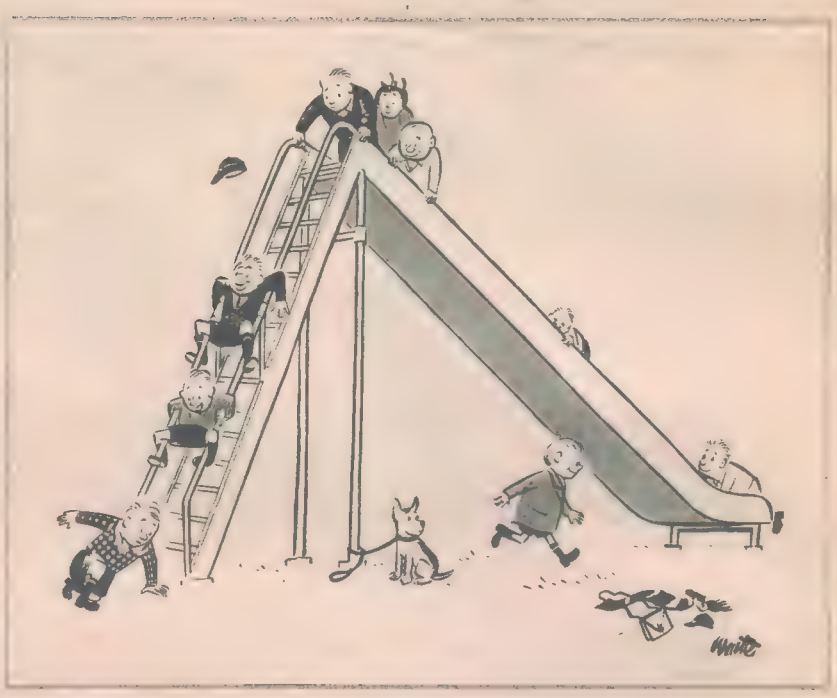
"Not very well," the inspector said.

Since Bellingham could call on no one for help, he didn't think about it; only his recent doubts occupied his mind—those and the thought of his family's eventual torment and mystification.

Bellingham smiled wryly to think that the murder he'd just committed would not influence a single digit of the stockmarket reports. The cabinet of no government would convene because of it. It was unimportant and senseless and embarrassingly fatal—and it had destroyed the whole tenor and plan of his life. An unlooked-for encounter, a mere accident, had completely obliterated all the security he had so carefully established.

"It might make things easier for you if you told us a few things now," the inspector said.

"Would it?" Bellingham asked. And then he lapsed into what was going to be a long silence. THE END



THE GOLDEN FOOL

Continued from page 10

came. And this was what the *Volksraad* had talked about: gold, a mine, a solution to the country's money problems. This was the thing that the people—*Het Volk*—hated. It was only a small group in the *Volksraad* that hoped for a mine—a small progressive group, according to its own valuation; a small group without conscience, according to its opponents.

They said, the group, that gold would bring money to the government and to the people: money to buy powder and guns, money to establish government, money to bring pastors for the empty churches. And the people said gold would bring miners and that miners were the emissaries of the devil.

Marais, the prospector, had been instructed to make a survey of the Transvaal. He had been to the farm. He had spent six days riding the veld up in the ridges of the hills, breaking fragments of rock here and there.

He had said at the end, when they drank coffee together for the last time: "There is no gold on your farm, Lemaire." He could hear the quick Cape accent still. "Iron, a lot of iron perhaps, but no gold and no silver."

Lemaire remembered his own words. "For that, thank God!"

Marais had shrugged his shoulders and grunted, and said without rancour but without humour: "Adullamite!" It was a gibe against dissenters generally, and Lemaire had not answered.

He turned and went back in his tracks. The boy was talking, but coherence had gone once more. There was only a confused medley of sound rasped across with the odd, ugly breathing. Lemaire stood, as he had stood before, looking down on him. A bullet would end the menace of this gold now—one bullet between the essential virginity of this lovely place and the rape of progress.

FOR long minutes he stood there while the birds, emboldened by his silence, moved nervously and exquisitely in the branches above him. No, not even a bullet: all he had to do was to walk away, and by dusk—by midnight at the latest—there would be an end to it, and no one would find the bodies here until they had been picked clean and the grass had grown over the bones.

He watched the young face as the waves of pain and nausea moved across it, and then, very deliberately, without altering the weight of the gun upon his arm, he turned and walked down the valley towards his horse.

He walked firmly, without speed but without the caution of hunting now, taking a straight line back to where he had left the mare. For a moment he stood beside her, fondling her muzzle. Then he took the reins and turned back the way that he had come. When he got back to the encampment he fumbled in the deep saddle-bag, found a small flask and brought it out.

Then he knelt down beside the stranger and lifted his head again, putting the neck of the bottle to his lips.

"Drink!" he said, and a tone of command enforced the word. He tipped up the bottle and the raw spirit ran into the half-open mouth. The boy coughed feebly.

"More!" Lemaire's voice was cold and without passion and it seemed to find some chord of response in the broken mind. Again there was a coughing, but this time, clearly, the Englishman took something down. His eyes seemed to focus for a moment, and Lemaire, his own eyes boring into them, said: "Now get yourself together. Do you think you can sit in the saddle?"

A tremendous shuddering took the boy and he made no answer, but he seemed to be gathering strength.

AGAIN Lemaire put the bottle to his lips. Absolutely without heat and without expression he said: "I do not know whether this will cure you or kill you, and I do not think that I care, but I cannot leave you to the vultures. I am only half a man. I have not the strength that I ought to have. Now get up and I will get you into the saddle."

He went behind the boy and pulled him to his feet. For a minute he held the body sagging against him, considering. At length he remarked, almost conversationally: "No, you are not able to sit in the saddle. Then you must lie across it."

He hoisted him bodily across the patient mare and, one hand holding him in place and the other holding the rein, moved slowly off with no glance behind him.

As they passed down the valley, the vultures, their bodies balanced on the impeccable edges of their wings, swung lower and lower in immense, voluptuous curves.

At the far end of the valley they had to cross the river twice, because it looped back against the bluff. At the first crossing, Lemaire slid the body from the saddle and carelessly, almost contemptuously, dipped it in the water, sousing the head and shoulders and cooling and cleansing the boy with quick, nervous movements of his hand.

The shock of the cold water had an immediate, stimulating effect on the stranger. When Lemaire lifted him clear his eyes focused, and after a gasping, unsteady moment while he cleared the water from his throat, he spoke

"I have been ill." The words were lucid and for the instant composed. "I think Pirbright is dead. He died yesterday."

Patiently, Lemaire produced his flask

again, not answering the statement. "Drink this!" he ordered, and the Englishman this time drank consciously. "Can you sit in the saddle now?"

"I can try."

Lemaire nodded with a reluctant admiration, and lifted the boy so that his legs splayed across the saddle and he fell forward against the reins and recovered himself, grasping at the pommel.

Lemaire put his feet into the stirrups and said: "It will be better for you this way."

The house lay in a shallow depression of the ground with, leading to it, long, easy slopes through which a small stream ran from a spring in the immediate hills. Some nomad's instinct of the trekking had made Lemaire want a place from which he could see widely about him in every direction. It had, curiously for that time and land, an air of permanence.

To the south was the *hartebeesthuis*, the wattle and daub hut that had been their first home after the tented wagons. At right angles to that was the homestead, built on foundations of stone and thatched with reeds from the river bed. To the north of that again was a range of wattle and daub stabling.

The great quadrangle—the *erf*—between the three blocks of buildings had three ancient thorn trees. The need for an open space had been the first factor in his choice. The spring was the other: it had never failed them.

Long before they reached the slope that led down to the homestead, the stranger had collapsed again, and was slumped across the saddle.

Up to the north of the wagon sheds Lemaire could see a cloud of chickens and, solid and compact beyond them, Lisette's seven geese. Beyond them and the homestead there was a small black-and-white speck racing towards him—his dog that had sighted him when he crossed the shallow skyline.

Lisette herself was in the square before the house, among the fruit trees. He could see the pale blue of her dress and the white of her sunbonnet, her *kappi*.

An immense and almost overwhelming surge of pity flooded him. This shallow vale held only peace and security. It had no enemy but the openness, the emptiness of the land, a quiet hostility of nature that the spirit could fight against in a slow and easy satisfaction of the senses. An awareness that was like a physical pain seized him, a knowledge that he was bringing into this peace and simplicity the germ and seed of disruption.

LISETTE came out from the square between the buildings and walked towards him, unhurried, easy and at peace.

They came closer and closer together across the grassland. This, too, was flower-starred, so that she seemed to be coming to him across a carpet of delicate colours: great red daisies that were widely separated; white daisies low down like forgotten drifts of snow; small field flowers—*bobbejaantjies*—turning towards the sun like immaculate stars against the soft burgeoning grass of the new pasture. Once she lifted a hand in a light gesture of waving, and he gave an instant response.

Then suddenly she began to run and he heard her call: "Who have you there? Who is it?" She spoke in Dutch. They spoke Dutch in the home: only occasionally she would talk English with him when they were by themselves, to practise the tongue that he had taught her and that she had almost never heard apart from him.

"A man," answered Lemaire shortly. "I do not know his name. He is very ill and I think it may well be that he will die."

When he said this he realized that there had been in his voice something more than a tinge of hope. For an instant he caught himself wondering if it were evil to wish the death of a fellow man, and then again his resolution took hold of him. The young man

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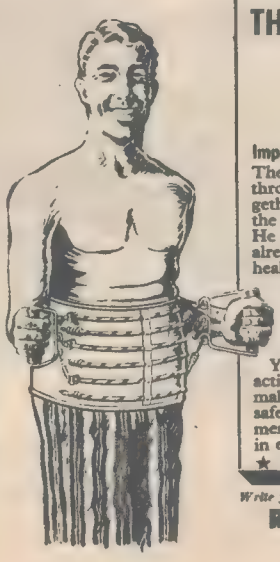

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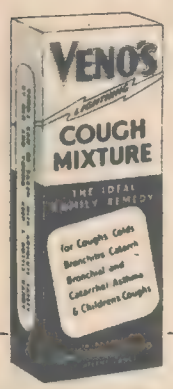

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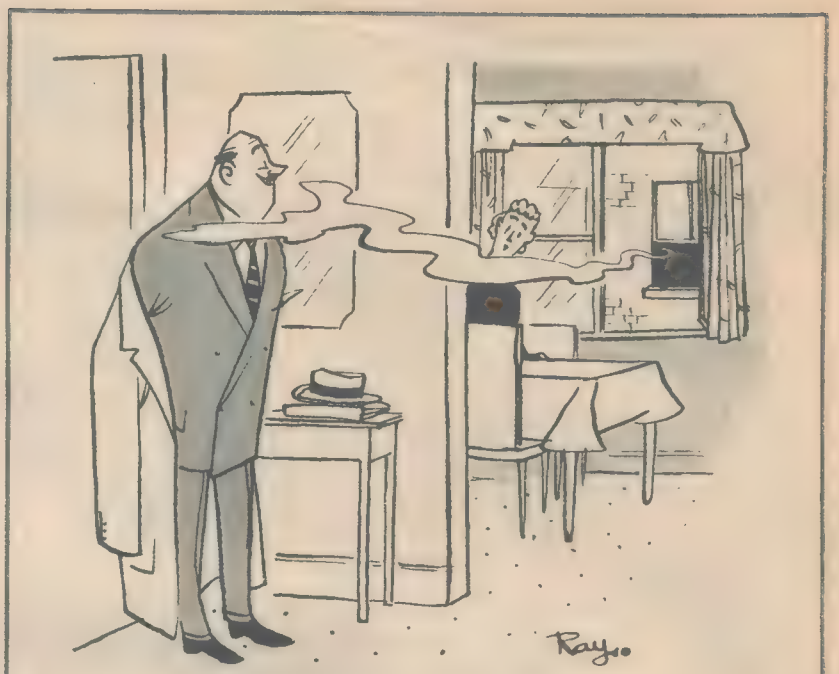

"Ah, that smells good, dear!"

might still die. It would be better for them all that he should do so.

Lisette was up to him now. She said: "He is young. What is it, Father? What has happened?"

"I found him back there." Lemaire jerked his head. "There was another man with him—that one is dead. This one is still alive. I thought at first that it was fever, but now I think it is poisoning—something that they ate."

She stood very still, staring at the fair hair, and then she gave a little low murmur of compassion. "We must do what we can. Get him to bed!"

The three of them went in towards the square of the buildings. There was a bed in the end room of the old *hartebeesthuis*, a bed of rawhide strips on a framework of wood, that was used sometimes for guests when the house itself was full. Lemaire halted beside this door and, lifting the stranger from the saddle, carried him bodily through the doorway and stretched him along the bed.

Lisette had left them. Now she came back with Aholibamah, the enormous, fat, half-Hottentot woman who had been nurse and was now housekeeper and cook and martinet about the farmstead. She came into the room like a wind. The tremendous bell-tent of her skirts seemed to rush through the open doorway. Her eyes were brilliant with the excitement of her emotional race. Her vast breasts heaved with the breathlessness of her passage. The colossal steatopygous bottom that was also of her race seemed to quiver in her eagerness.

In the oddly deep voice that came, not from her race but from some admixture in her blood, she exclaimed: *"Oo Heere! Oo Heere!"*—Lord! Lord!—her invariable opening in moments of stress.

The Englishman was unconscious again, but he was not talking now. His breathing was less harsh, less troubled. Lisette stood in the doorway, her hands clasped, watching with a childish, intent anxiety.

AHOLIBAMAH bent over the stranger, examining the open, drooling mouth. Over her shoulder she said: "If it is the fever this will harm him. If it is poison it might save him. What must we do?" Her head jerked towards a cup that she had placed on a shelf at the head of the bed. It contained, Lemaire guessed, the revolting emetic mixture of mustard and salt water that was her sovereign remedy.

"Give it to him!" Lemaire's voice was even.

Lisette, almost at his side, said quickly: "Oh!"

Still over her shoulder Aholibamah said: "Give me the basin!"

There was a wide copper basin on a table at the end of the room. Lisette went to it with quick, bird-like movements and brought it back, taut and nervous. Again Lemaire looked at her, his eyes searching her face. She had left her bonnet at the homestead and she stood now bareheaded, her long, fair hair falling with a tenuous charm about her shoulders. He was aware of her delicate beauty, not so much in his mind as in his spirit, and the same desolating sadness that had seized him when he came first in sight of the homestead flooded over him again. Was there to be no peace for him, no peace again after that first moment of the enchanted beauty of the egrets' wings against the sun? He remembered that that, too, had had a sadness in it.

IN the grateful cool of the evening the *stoep*, the long, low veranda terrace in front of the house, had a gentle perfection. It had been the first part of Lemaire's planning when they had found time to build again after the years of pioneering. It stood three feet from the ground at the front to allow the levelling of the house on the gentle slope. At either end there was a seat, the *rustbank*, that was built of a heavy slab of yellow wood. A brief end wall made a back to it at right angles to the walling of the house, and at its outer end the plaster work was curved and moulded in a memory of the great house at the Cape.

Lemaire sat in the corner with his back against the house wall. Lisette stood in the outer corner. Andries, the eldest son—the *jong baas* as they called him in contradistinction to the *oubaas*, his father—sat on the edge of the *stoep* with his legs hanging below. Jonathan leant against the wall.

Lemaire had given them an outline of the finding. Now he said: "So you will go tomorrow and put what is left of the other man into the hole and throw back everything they have dug into it."

"If we can find it," Andries said, his voice troubled.

"You will find it." Lemaire's tone was grim. "What is left of it. The vultures and the ants between them. . . ." He left the sentence unfinished.

Jonathan said: "There's a pair of hyenas living in the rock about three-quarters of the way up."

"Even so you must find everything that is left and put it in the hole and cover it."

"How many Hottentots can we take?" Andries looked round at his father.

"None," answered Lemaire softly. "This you must do yourselves; and when you have thrown everything back into the hole, put earth and sand over

it and dead leaves—nothing must show."

Both boys turned sharply towards him. Lemaire had made no mention of gold. He had only spoken of a hole dug against the rock.

Andries, whose senses marched close with Lemaire's, asked instantly: "What is it? What must we hide?"

"Gold," said Lemaire slowly.

There was an absolute silence on the *stoep*. Lemaire watched the three, his eyes resting longest on Lisette. Finally he said: "You knew?"

The girl's eyes met his candidly. She answered: "He's been talking of gold half the afternoon."

Andries said: "He is delirious. Are you sure. . . ?" He hesitated for a moment and then added: "I thought you might have killed the other." And with a quiet pondering: "You would have had the right."

Jonathan, in a quick tumble of words, asked: "But how could they find gold? Marais was all over the ridges. He said there was nothing here. But if there is—we could be rich!"

LEMAIRE filled his pipe slowly and reached for his flint. Very quietly he said: "When I was in England I lived for a while at the home of an uncle of your mother's in Staffordshire." He paused, remembering morning mists in the deep valley of the Shires, and the soft evening with the smoke lying low in the fields, and the bare winter oak trees thrusting their branches out of it.

"They found coal above the house. There was a farm there once—they used to call it Cold Harbour because they brought the sheep down there from the hills in the winter—but they found coal. They sank the shaft a little above the stream on the left-hand side of the valley. They had been working there for twenty years when I saw it, and you could see how the mine had killed the valley. There were houses above it—miners' houses, little rows of houses built together like—" he hesitated for a moment, seeking a simile, and then went on, "like a giant centipede. They ran back to back, they got no sun in them and no air—little dark houses made of a yellow brick that the coal and the smoke of the engines made black.

"And the valley was made black. You could see where the good grass had been, and it was sour.

"The men went down the hole into the ground in the mornings and they came out at sunset as black as the coal itself, and they walked slowly up the black valley to the black houses. It seemed to me that they could not walk in any other way."

Again he was silent. The last light had long gone now. The night noises were enough only to accentuate the rich, warm stillness, to underscore the elemental peace and quiet of it. The three, Lisette and the two boys, were silent, too. They were a family given to silences, but after a little Lisette stirred on the *rustbank*.

"Where did the sheep go in the winter?" she asked.

Lemaire shrugged his shoulders. "I expect they found some other place."

Andries turned involuntarily as if he were trying to look up the shallow valley of the stream. Then he said, almost accusingly: "You could have let him die."

Lisette, close to her father, shivered.

Lemaire, taking the pipe out of his mouth, said: "Could you have left him?"

Andries answered hesitantly, "No."

Jonathan, still leaning against the wall, said without raising his voice but with a quick finality in his tone: "I could have. But this is gold, not coal."

Lemaire looked at him, a sadness on his face hidden by the darkness. "Yes," he said, "this is gold."

* * *

Andries was down at the *kraal*. Lemaire walked across to him and Andries said over his shoulder: "Three more of the oxen are sick, all in my span—the same as the others."

Lemaire looked into the enclosure. Five beasts stood together, their heads down, their flanks curiously dejected. Andries went rapidly over a brief list of symptoms and Lemaire shrugged his shoulders. "It happened nine years ago," he said. "I do not think it is serious. Keep them away from the rest and hope for the best."

His words were superficial. He knew as he uttered them that it was impossible for him to immerse himself as he ordinarily did in the small things of the place. There was too much to be solved now, the problems were too heavy. He dismissed the cattle with a nervous gesture and demanded, almost with a querulous note: "What do we do about this?"

Andries looked up at him, responding at once to the partnership of the "we."

"The hyenas had been at him. The bones were scattered and picked clean. We put them in the hole as you said, and we put the mortar there and the pestle and the picks. It was easy enough to hide it. I don't think anybody will find it again and the new grass will cover where they camped. The bags I have put in the *hartebeest-huis*. They had three donkeys. One of them was killed, by a leopard, I think, up the *kloof*. The other two we drove down to the mouth of the *kloof* and left there. In ten days there will be nothing to see. Nobody but our own people would see anything now." He looked squarely at his father and added: "You would have done better to leave this one to the hyenas."

Lemaire shook his head. "Would you?"

Andries thought carefully before he answered: "It would have been better, but no—I don't think I would have either."

Lemaire sighed. "We are alike in most ways. And now what do we do?"

"I thought about it this morning while we were clearing up their camp. If he dies, then there is nothing that we need do—but 'Bamah says that he will not die."

"No, I do not think he will die either."

"They had no right on our land. They had no right to prospect without permission."

"What do we do then?" asked Lemaire. "Do we take him into Potchefstroom and ask to have him tried?"

Andries threw both hands out, palm upwards, in a little gesture of despair. "If he tells one man outside the farm, then the thing is over!"

Lemaire's voice had almost a tinge of despair. "I thought about it all the night but I can see no way out except perhaps in him."

"What do you mean?"

"I am not sure. I think it is only that I hope. Perhaps when he is better we can talk to him and make him see what it means." He turned. "Put the sick beasts in the little *kraal* beyond the huts and tell me if any more show signs of it. You are right, Andries. It would have been better to have left him, but we could neither of us do that." He began to walk back towards the homestead.

THE rain had made the soil soft all the way from the stream bed to the farther end of the lands. The oxen against the skyline made a splendid antique frieze. They had a powerful beauty, lunging against the yokes.

Jonathan, at the plough behind them, shared in the pattern of their ancient simplicity. He had about him the same tautness, the same air of strength. He moved well and easily and Lemaire watched him with pride. The furrows were straight and good.

He loved the ordered, elemental principles of seedtime and growth and harvest. It would have been possible to live their lives with the herds only, but he came of a stock too firmly wedded to the earth for that, too old in its dependence on the soil. By the judgment of the older world, his returns for the grain he raised were inadequate even in the primitive economy of the time, yet the raising of it alone was satisfaction.

Jonathan reached the end of the furrow and stood waiting. The oxen

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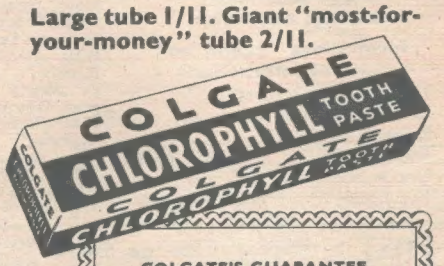

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Cupid Chuckled And
Man On A Tight-rope
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For ten winners of £2 10s., see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. 50 *Bullets* Season Tickets and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co. /, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of these Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated February 13, and in JOHN BULL dated February 20), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, February 6, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,920 result.)

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Across Clues XWORD 866
1. Commercial traveller uses quite a bit
5. Crop of fruit trees will probably be less if trees are not sufficiently this
9. When political party is divided against itself, it may result in
10. May be expected to fly off the handle at times
11. It's usually easy to get round one
14. May shut up with a snap
15. This of a house can make repairs more difficult for owner
16. Composition is a thing to be studied by one who does this

Down Clues
2. New one may present certain difficulties to player
3. Given plenty of good beef, this can't be entirely a failure
4. A great many old folk find it difficult to
6. For a player's main thought to be of this may well be bad
7. Diplomat doesn't turn a deaf ear to those who
8. You don't get very fast runners in these
12. Some ears do this sooner than others
13. Where there are a few healthy kiddies, mother's won't last long

XWORD 862 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Winger. 3, Ram. 5, Minor. 7, Pet or Wet. 8, Dash. 13, Planes. 14, Snake. 15, Rave. DOWN: 1, Wad or Way. 2, Roof. 4, Most. 6, Bass. 9, Dive. 10, Craze. 11, House. 12, Pits.

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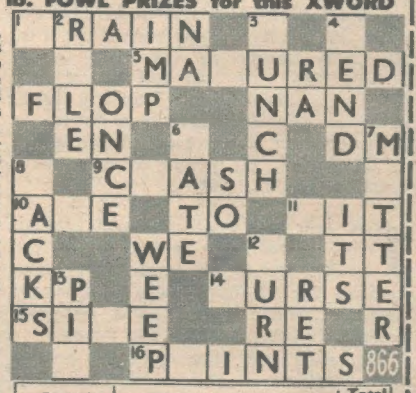

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ONE WEEK ONLY

His father said nothing, and after a while turned away. He walked to the house, and then beyond it to the door of the *hartebeesthuis*.

The Englishman lay very quietly on the bed, on his back, but as Lemaire came in he raised his head and his eyes were alive and eager.

Lemaire said abruptly: "You are better?"

The Englishman answered: "Thank you, yes. And I have to thank you also for saving my life, sir."

Lemaire made an awkward, uncomfortable gesture and then, with a quick candour, said: "I could not leave you there to the vultures."

The Englishman nodded. "I think I must tell you now before it is too late what we were doing and what we have found."

"Yes?"

"We were prospecting for gold, John Pirbright—the one who died—and I. We found it where our camp was three days before we became ill."

Lemaire glanced at him with a strange satisfaction. "I knew. You talked when you were ill—you were delirious. There were also the samples in the mortar."

"Of course." The Englishman's head moved slightly in acknowledgment. He seemed to be contemplating possibilities. There was a long silence. "We had not pegged a claim," he murmured at last. "You must know that, too. If you peg the claim now and ride in to Potchefstroom and register it, you will have the discoverer's rights as well as the claim, and your own rights as the owner of the farm."

"Why do you tell me this?" asked Lemaire curiously.

"Because you brought me back here, because you have treated me with kindness. But perhaps you have already sent to Potchefstroom?"

"No, we have not sent."

There was a movement of the young man's shoulders as if he shrugged them. "Things move quickly with gold. You'd better do it, sir."

"Tell me," said Lemaire. "I am curious to know how you come here."

There was a short silence. Then the dropped their heads and began to graze on the young grass where they stood.

Lemaire rode up to him and dismounted. "How is it?"

"Fair. It will be better after another day of rain." Jonathan looked down at the red earth of the furrows. Then he asked directly, as was his custom: "How is it with the Englishman?"

"Aholibamah says that he will live," said Lemaire evenly. "What do you think of all this?"

"Gold is money," replied Jonathan shortly.

"And you need money?"

"I don't know." The boy stood, clearly puzzled, in the sunlight. "I've been thinking. We plough these lands and we harvest the mealies and we shell them and we ride the bags into Potchefstroom—and what do we get? Coffee and rice and flour, and gunpowder and lead, and perhaps a new plough or tools or nails. I've never had money."

"If you had money, what would you buy with it?"

With the first spark of humour that the family had seen all day, Jonathan stared back at his father and said: "Coffee and rice and flour, and gunpowder and lead, and perhaps a new plough or tools or nails," and he laughed. Lemaire laughed with him, strangely relieved, his heart beating for no reason that he could evaluate. "I think," explained Jonathan, "that it is only that people always speak of money as a good thing to have. I have never been in a town except Potchefstroom."

"Would you like to go to the Cape? Your grandmother would like someone to come back."

"I might—I don't know. I'd like to do everything once. You should have let the Englishman die. He was close enough to it."

"He was very close," agreed Lemaire. "Could you have left him?"

"Yes," said Jonathan simply and with an absolute finality.

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM

Englishman said: "You must forgive me. I am very weak. I cannot move yet because there seems to be a paralysis in my body. It's difficult to explain it otherwise and I find it hard to think properly and in order.

"It would be best if I told you my name first—Anthony Stopford. The one who died was John Pirbright. He was an American, an old prospector of experience. We came here because of another American — Lindley, the brother of the missionary. He found 'colour' in a river here many years ago. He told Pirbright when he was too old himself to do anything about it. Afterwards he died—I think in the Low Veld."

Lemaire considered for a moment. "How many others know of this?" he asked.

"No one," answered Stopford, "no one that I am aware of. But you would be wise to register the claim, sir."

THE living-room, the *voorhuis*, was well proportioned. Its walls were smooth with plaster that Lemaire had brought up at great expense from Potchefstroom, and in one end of it there was built a stinkwood display cabinet fronted with glass. There were in it four pieces of old Delft china, admirable of their kind, and underneath it two jars of Chinese porcelain and then a row of pewter so polished that it was almost silver.

The cabinet was itself polished to a brilliance that made its deep brown wood glow in the white plaster. The glass of its many panes shone with it. It was the shared pride of Lisette and Aholibamah, the shrine of the household, the place of the lares. Even the two boys were proud of it; no other farm along the High Veld had such a place of beauty, and Lemaire had built the room round it.

There was other furniture of stinkwood in the room, made on the farm by a coloured carpenter who had lived with them for three years and had helped Lemaire to build, after failures, the great fireplace that was so needful in the High Veld winter. He had made the table at which they sat—not of stinkwood but of a red mahogany that came from the north—made it of great thick boards two inches in depth; a refectory table made by a man who had never heard of a monastery, made out of Lemaire's remembered experience, his rough sketches translated into enduring, lovely wood. Its surface shone now like glass. Nothing in the rest of the house matched this room. It was in itself a tribute to beauty and art in the middle of the raw simplicities of a frontier.

They sat round the table now with the faint, sour stench of the tallow candles in the great brass sticks: Lemaire at the head, Lisette in the woman's place at the foot, the boys on either side.

The meal was over except for the sour cream cheese which they ate with rusks. The two girls who served the meal were gone and the door that led to the kitchen was shut.

LEMAIRE looked round the table with the air of gentle satisfaction that so often took him at this time. "His name is Anthony Stopford," he announced, "and when I saw him at noon he was better. Lisette has seen him since then." He looked down the table towards his daughter.

"Yes," she said, "he is much better, but he says that the lower half of his body feels as if it were paralysed. He finds it difficult to move."

"They had a bean soup two days before I found them. There are small seeds in with the beans that remained in their pack. Aholibamah says that they are poisonous: *blou stinkblaar*, she called them."

Jonathan, crumbling a rusk on his plate, looked up. "Would he be trying to make us think that he was worse than he is so that he could run away?"

Andries and the girl both looked anxiously at their father.

Lemaire shook his head. "He told me to register the finding to protect myself. He said that twice. He knows that even if he went, even if he found his donkeys—even if he stole one of the horses—he could not get to Potchefstroom before we could, knowing the country and the way. He would not have warned me to register if he meant to go himself."

"Why should he tell us to register?" asked Andries.

"Because he believes that what he has found is valuable, and because"—Lemaire looked up, his face grave in the candlelight—"he is grateful. We have saved his life and he does not want to die. When he is stronger I will tell him what we feel about it, and I will ask him to wait to live with us for a little and to see our lives and to try to think as we think and to feel as we feel. And perhaps after a month or six months it may be that he will go away in peace and forget this."

"Forget gold?" There was a note that was almost of scorn in Jonathan's voice.

Lemaire made a weary movement with his head. "If he needs money, your grandmother could let him have money at the Cape. We could make a plan about that. We can only try this way and, if it fails, think of some other way and try that. There is no easy road."

"There is one," persisted the boy stubbornly.

Lisette's eyes turned from her father to her brother — a quick, almost frightened movement.

Lemaire's voice was loud for the first time. With a profound emphasis he said: "'I was a stranger, and ye took me in.' This man is under our roof and in our care. You will remember that."

"And if he does not wish to stay?" Lisette asked softly.

"He came here and found what he found. Now he must stay," Lemaire said.

To be continued next week

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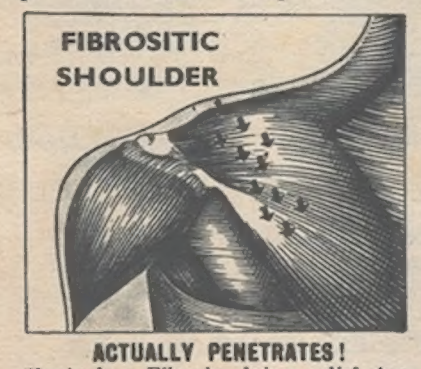

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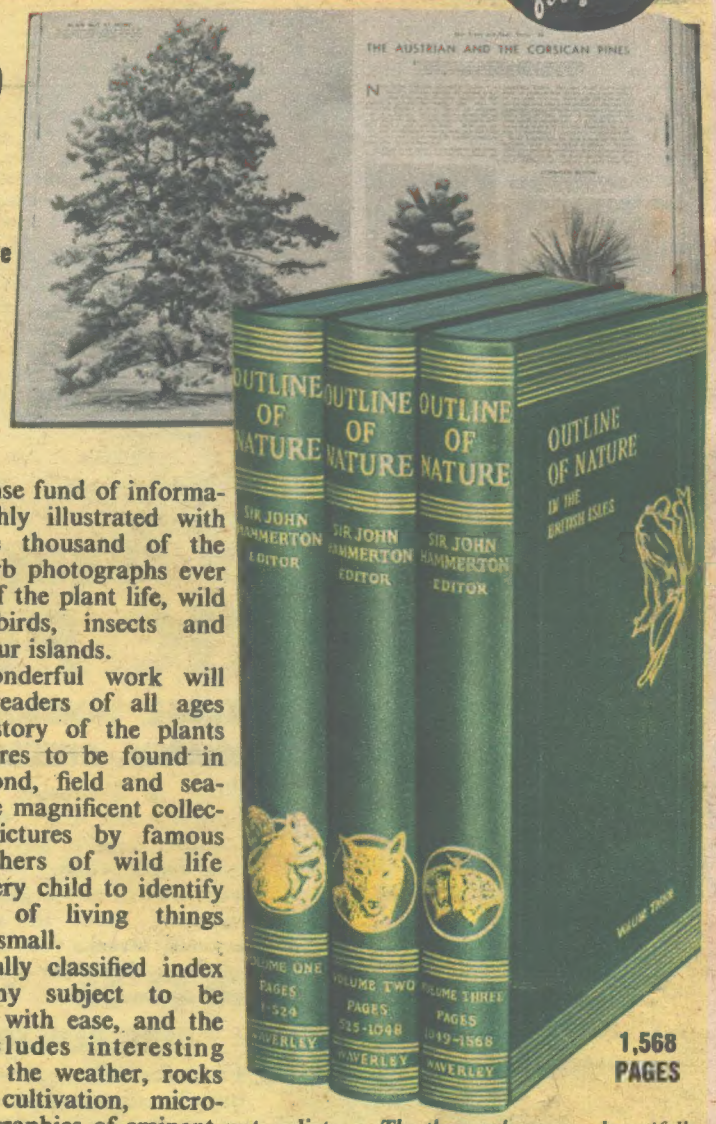
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